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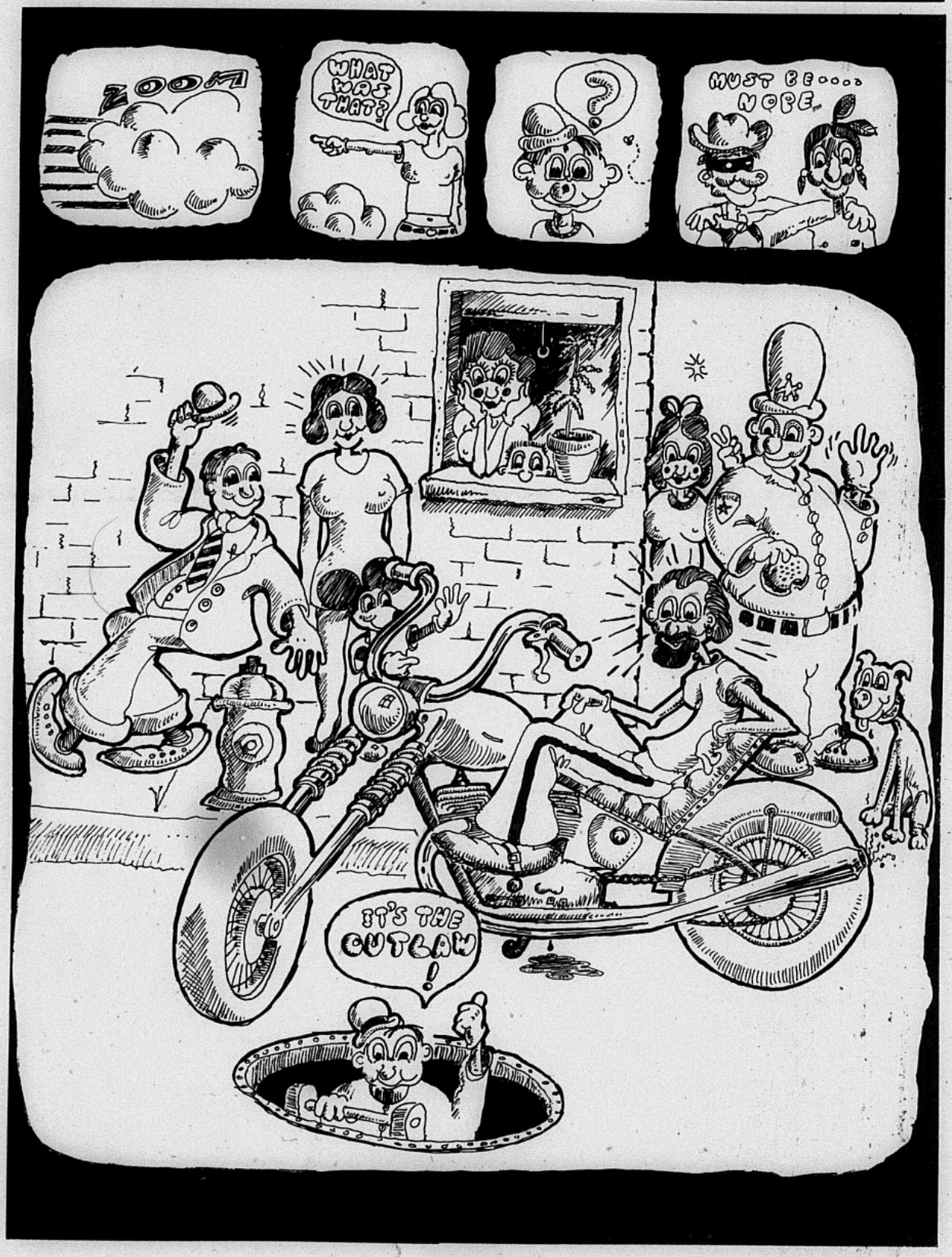

OUTLAW 2

Female Exploitation By Media Outlawed

By Gail Pellett

As we give birth to a new free press, it is essential that we confront the reasons why this medium has evolved and flourished and appreciate the important role it plays in our revolutionary struggle for political, social, and cultural change. We must both contribute to and demand of it radical political analysis and direction, based on what we see coming down on us. It should provide information and direction for creating alternatives to the present structures in our system, it can and should provide unity for a growing radical community. The paper itself should exemplify our political orientation and our new values and attitudes.

I mention all this because I do not think all underground papers have achieved these criteria – especially in the case of women's liberation. In such papers the hypocrisy appears as a cry is made for female liberation on one page, while ads for go-go dancers, and sleezy nudy films appear on the next. While there is a token female article in the paper, the remainder exudes male-chauvinism and supremacy . . . bourgeois hangovers of ego-tripping, competition, aggression, domination, straight attitudes toward women that objectify them . . . basically heavy vibes of maleness. In addition, the papers that are out to make bread, do so from capitalizing on the sexual objectification of women.

While it is painful to be self-critical of our own attempt at an alternative to the destructive straight press – it is not too idealistic to be constantly struggling for better alternatives. And since not only the straight press but the entire mass media have contributed so much to the secondary position of women by perpetuating the oppressive "feminine mystique," reinforcing women's subservient roles as wife, mother and mistress, capitalizing on women's lack of identity, it would be ironically disgusting to carry on that tradition.

It is the straight media which has provided women with the only definition they will ever have – cashing in on the fact that her success is determined by her ability to attract, get, keep and please a man. The media presents the super-white-sexy-slave goddess . . . glamorous, passive, seductive, dependent yet efficient little homemaker. And women neurotically buy the myriads of things advertised through the media, internalizing all its propaganda, to emulate the symbol. All this has fed into the destructive competition between women which has kept them from trusting, digging and respecting each other and themselves and inhibited their unity and organization.

Although various individual organs of the media speak to different kinds of women . . . they have all been responsible for duping women into accepting their oppression. And in combating the threat of the hip movement, the student and black power movements, and now the female liberation movement, they have tried to trick us with Sgt. Pepperland art work and pictures of liberated women on motorbikes in an attempt to get us to buy jasmine douche and body stockings and the costly no-makeup-look. And they give us token articles on women's liberation – what hypocrisy!

We can only smash this capitalistic manipulation by creating real alternatives to the straight press and the values it perpetuates . . . and by building a movement which struggles to change the structures, institutions, values and roles of this society which oppress both men and women.

Our paper will not run ads that in any way degrade, objectify, insult or oppress any human beings. In subsequent issues vital questions will be raised and discussed relevant to women's position in our society. We will provide information on what women are doing here and across the country to further their struggle and the struggle of all oppressed people toward liberation.

The Rush

Protect Our Street Band

By Jesse Byron

Out of the old, tough South Side streets of St. Louis comes one of the best music groups in the area, if not its strongest. Playing hard, loud rock – any visitor to the Forest Park pavillion on Sundays knows the band is none other than the Rush. With a beat that drives people to their feet to move, to dance, to feel; with a beat that draws not fans but friends to their gang. They're by far the most original group in sound and spirit the people have ever encountered.

But the Rush is more, they're a street band – the only band you'll find in the park playing for free most every warm Sunday. The only group that had enough balls to play two weeks ago in Graham Chapel (on the Washington University campus) for the People's defense fund. Their lead went AWOL after induction and headed for the park to play until he was recaught – and the band played many times a week for the people.

The Moratorium and they played at WU – that night Federal pigs with the help of an informer had to corner him in the parking lot and drag him away with their mighty large pistols point blank at his head. Yeah, well, the army finally decided he was too much (we could have told them that).

So the Rush is back playing for the people. But now they need the help of the people. It is our time to give. For the same pigs came up to the band two weeks ago and identified themselves (as if the band had forgotten). They told the Rush that "we don't like that music you're playing and those words you're saying, they're about us." (Those pigs are really together to figure that one out, as subtle as the Rush is.) "We don't like to be called that," and the pigs went on to say how they were going to keep a close eye on them and make sure to follow their activities from now on.

Well the Rush is not about to cool it for any pig threat. They've been playing for you people and they want to keep on playing for you people, but now it is our turn to support them. We got to patronize the gigs that cost or at least lay something on them, for them amplifiers cost, and they're not paid for. But more than that they need our protection. We must stand behind the Rush. We got to keep our only street band out of the jail the pigs want them in, and onto our streets where their music belongs.

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Articles and letters are eagerly accepted. All material must carry the signature and phone number of the author, but names will be withheld on request.

Cost per issue: 25¢. Subscriptions are $5 per year. Distributors are needed, call for details. Advertising rates are cheap, call for details.

Next issue is May 15.

Claiborne Gets Taste of Amerikan Justice

By George Lipsitz

Clay Claiborne, ecology organizer and anti-war activist, was sentenced to one year in jail by St. Louis County Circuit Judge James Ruddy on April 8. The Judge ruled that Claiborne's participation in the anti-ROTC actions at Washington University constituted a violation of the terms of his probation for a conviction arising out of demonstrations against the WU board of trustees last spring.

After sentencing, Claiborne read a statement which attacked the hypocrisy of the government and the court system in charging him with violence – when he was acting against the organized violence and genocide practiced in Vietnam by the U.S. power structure. He pointed out that the courts were part of the same system which finds nothing wrong with napalming women and children in Vietnam, but continously jails and prosecutes poor and oppressed people in this country for trying to control their own lives.

The courtroom was crowded with Clay's friends and supporters and an unusually large contingent of policemen, marshals, and other officials of the court. The marshals performed such brave functions as pulling Clay away from his girlfriend as he kissed her good-bye on his way out of the courtroom, and looking through the group of people who came to support Clay to try and find someone to serve with an indictment. It seems as though a county grand jury issued indictments against all the people arrested at WU so that they could all be re-arrested, booked, and forced to post bonds again; an obvious effort to further harass and oppress those people who are opposed to ROTC.

For those people who know and love Clay, his sentencing produces mixed reactions. On the one hand, they are heartened by his courage and dignity in standing up to the war makers and their lackeys, but are saddened by the knowledge that as long as injustice and militarism are the hallmarks of this society, many good men will be placed in jails for following the dictates of their conscience and opposing that system.

WANTED:

For conspiracy to edit and produce a radical newspaper in St. Louis: Fred Faust, Richard Hazelton, Devereaux Kennedy, George Lipsitz, and Laurie Sitkin

For conspiracy to write articles for said radical newspaper: Carl Boggs, Jesse Byron, Clay Claiborne, Jon Cohen, Dave Frerker, Jim Hunt, Ben Israel, Jerry Martien, Lilyann Mitchell, Gail Pellet

For conspiracy to illustrate said radical newspaper: Susie Petersen and Eric Schlessinger

For conspiracy to solicit advertising for and distribute copies of said radical newspaper: Rush McAllister

For conspiracy to assist in the production of said radical newspaper: Donna Lifson and Dru Lipsitz

Not People's Park: People's Planet

By Clay Claiborne
Self-styled Ecology Organizer

Slowly, very slowly, science and mankind are coming to understand whole systems. First through the development and use of computers and the development of spacecrafts as life support environments, then in application to the whole Earth. But few have been able to grasp the full meaning of this new "systems oriented" thinking.

Biology, a specialized framework for the examination and study of life, has already, in recent years, found that framework inadequate. To compensate, the field has been broadened by adding the further specializations of bio-chemistry and bio-physics. Ecology is possibly the latest of these emerging specializations. It attempts to explain how life forces work as a system; this requires not specialized knowledge but comprehensive ability.

Ecology is the study of the operations of whole life systems, or more correctly, the whole life system, since all life we have thus far discovered is interrelated. To subdivide is to leave out, to bring error into any calculation. From a scientific point of view, all biology must be seen as a subdivision of ecology. Chemistry and physics, in so far as our interest in them is environmental, are related to ecology. To deal with ecology as a subdivision of some field, or to fail to gain an overview of life systems, is in itself anti-ecological.

Ecology is the comprehension of the whole Earth as in environment and all life on the planet as forming an interrelated system in that environment. Man is a part of that network. He is the most intelligent, and he is the only one with tool capabilities. Tool capabilities are slave capabilities. In terms of power produced and used in this country, we each have the equivalent of 500 slaves working for us. Man is the only animal with the ability to make any conscious change in his environment. He is the only one with any comprehensive ability; he alone can understand the system in which he lives. He is Adam, the keeper of the Garden, with the ability to destroy or maintain, to change for the better, to act as the computer's cybernetic control, to comprehend all that is happening at once and make changes and repairs while the sytem is operating. Don't be too quick to assume that nature would be perfect without man, that it would operate from day to day, year to year without fault. Man is a god and he'd better start acting like one.

The understanding of relationships in nature and man's relationship to his environment should lead to the most radical of viewpoints.

The Death of Western Science

The rulers, manipulators, the power people have always had to further man's distrust in nature, man's isolation from himself and nature, and man's distrust of himself to stay in power. When a man distrusts the wilderness in himself he sees nature as the adversary. This is in part the reason for the current ecological crisis.

Likewise, these rulers have always subdivided men into groups, subdivided knowledge, isolated men as much as possible on all levels. This has been done to destroy man's inherent comprehensive ability, because with a total comprehension of the world would come full understanding of one's own oppression, and the ability to rise against that oppression. They created specialization so that a man might know a great deal about any one thing without every understanding the whole.

These things are the basis for all western technology and science, which have permeated every culture on the globe. They have failed to provide an ecologically sound environment and a happy life for men because they were designed to serve the few people in power.

Present science and engineering practices see nature as the enemy and act in ways hostile to nature. This is true at all levels and it is the way we are trained. We are all lonely and isolated, not knowing how to love or communicate. We are trained that way because it makes us easy to control. The present uproar in ecology is only to find that exactly the forces that make us losers as lovers make us polluters as scientists, and are therefore self-terminating. By the end of the century it will become clear that all science and technology that is specialized and not comprehensive in its design is anti-ecological and must be done away with, or it will lead to the destruction of life on this planet.

The Seven Cities of Gold

Wealth, money, and property concepts came out of a misunderstanding of what the world was about.

Humanity has always lived on less than 10 per cent of the Earth's surface, and the average man only saw 1/100,000th of that area. It is not surprising that men first thought the Earth flat; equally unsurprisingly he thought it extended infinitely in area and resources. He saw a need to define local systems in which he could operate. Nations arose out of the need to define a finite body of known people as a centerpoint, as an independent system within the infinity of the world's people. Outside of this centerpoint there was the limitless rest of the world. Explorers could go out into the world and bring the resources home, just as early nomads moved on when the grass was eaten or the hunted animals depleted. As explorers met other people they became exploiters, but since all these people had been defined as outside their nation-system, the exploitation was not seen as real. Black slaves, the American Indians, the Chinese, were seen as the limitless "outside" people to those in the "known" world of Europe. These people and their resources have been continously exploited.

In just the same way, western man has always seen the airs and oceans limitless. Who could measure the volume of all the world's air, the depth of the ocean? Early industry must have honestly thought that anything dumped into the ocean was gone forever. But it has become increasingly clear that the world is of finite measures. The world is round and of definite dimensions; the Indians could not go west forever, going deeper into Africa you soon met another ocean. Science discovered that the ocean and air had a measurable volume, and that likewise the Earth's oil, coal, and iron were of certain unchangeable amounts. All these things are well known today, but they have made little change in our conceptualization of the world. The exploiters maintain their power at the expense of the world's people.

The Spaceship Earth

The world is one system, using the same air and water, the same reserve of raw materials, and it can only be operated effectively as one system. The concepts of nations, of individual peoples, which lead to racism, are obsolete. The United States, as six per cent of the world's population, uses 55 per cent of the world's resources. The concepts of private property are based on a limitless world, and are likewise obsolete. In a world of three billion, why should one man own more than 1/3 billionth of the world wealth, and why should one man own less? The concept of "spending" originated with the Second Law of Thermodynamics with its well known "enthropy" which stated that all local systems were losing energy. Thus it was thought that the Earth was running down and that things once "spent" were lost. Einstein set us straight on that with his famous $E=mc^2$, which not only gave a continuous correlation between energy and matter, but also showed the overwhelming effects of the metaphysical upon the physical.

Ecology Action

Almost everything written in ecology is simply telling people what is happening to our environment. We hear about the population boom, the DDT-ocean crisis, the air pollution – inversion dangers, the green house effect. This is all very interesting information and it fits well with everything we already know about racism, the war, the atomic bomb, etc. Ecology has just been the uncovering of some more shit in a shitty, stinking world, and its effect on most people is to say, "Gee, there's some more shit."

But telling horror stories is not where it's at. Teach-ins, speakers, literature and demonstrations. The come-rally-round mentality and all its tactics belong to the earlier civil rights and anti-war stages of development. They are not suitable for building and structuring a movement with the broad base and comprehensive totality that is needed at the present time. To the unenlightened eye the ecology movement must start out much as other movements have. However, close scrutiny reveals that ecology is just a part of the further development of the same movement, and that all our environmental problems, including war and racism, will be solved at the same time, in the same way. Even in its educational functions, Ecology Action attempts to use the old technology (i.e. ecology is another Movement specialization) to teach entirely new environmental problems, in an entirely new stage of movement development.

I have asked many people in St. Louis and in other cities in Ecology Action the same question: What do you have planned after April 22? I have yet to receive a satisfactory answer. The overwhelming majority of the

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Proud Beaumont Blacks

By Lilyann Mitchell

Beaumont High School, located in the midst of the black ghetto, accommodating almost 2400 students from all areas of St. Louis, is in no worse a predicament than any other high school in the metropolitan St. Louis area – or for that matter, throughout the country.

Most of our nation's high schools are sitting on kegs of explosive powder, which might explode at any moment. The students are simply rebelling against the things their parents have endured for years, or rebelling against the unjust punishment their parents have imposed upon others or have been a part of for years. It's as simple as that – black and white students, though not joined hand in hand, are rebelling and fighting to make changes in the establishment that their parents helped create or at least sanction.

The situation at Beaumont came about as a result of three teachers being fired. The teachers, Lloyd Buchanon, Barbara Woods, and James Herrod, were sponsors of the Student Council, the Black History Club, the annual queen coronation, the annual homecoming events, and they were individual sponsors to hundreds of students whom they found time to talk to between classes, after school, and on Saturdays and Sundays. The press never once mentioned any of these sponsored activities.

They pointed out the "big three" as "villains" who encouraged students to study black history and incite disruptions, as well as participate in a play, dubbed "unfit" by the principal, Mr. John Nelson, who completely disappeared from the scene after the firing and disruptions. Nelson left Beaumont as quickly as he came. Fleeing in the middle of the night like a criminal, never again to be heard from, though his appearance and explanations were requested again and again, by parents and students.

The summary of black history week at Beaumont had been planned months in advance by the controversial Black Student Union (BSU). They had rehearsed skits, portraying real life situations and persons, as well as historic blacks, the trials and tribulations blacks had suffered over the years, and the advancements and contributions they had made to America. These skits were short, to the point, and words such as "damn . . . pig . . . nigger . . . facist . . . " and others termed "unfit," had been included in the script.

The cases of Bobby Seale, Cleaver, Malcolm X, and others of recent history, dating back to the beginning of the black man's time in America were included. Most were actual speeches and scenes depicting the situations the persons had endured.

"Therefore, we left the words as spoken by the individuals in the script," one BSU member said, "Without these actual words the skits had no meaning. We had to tell it like it was."

Nelson asked to view the script. According to reports, shortly thereafter he left the city. He asked his administrative assistant to return the script to the students – after he had crossed out certain passages and marked it as he saw "fit" to produce. The students' sponsors, only adults who supervise, not advise, told the students they would not be responsible, nor would they be the sponsors if they decided not to alter the script.

After a series of meetings, and voting pro and con, the BSU decided at a particular point not to alter the script. Having rehearsed it in the altered form, they found it had lost its meaning. They did not interpret the "bad" words as "bad"; only connotations of incidents spoken by others.

The day of the skit, Nelson sat and watched along with the student body and several parents, as the BSU performed on stage – their contribution to Black History week – depicting life in America for the black man from the time of slavery to events of our present time.

Near the end, he announced to the audience the "Odd Session," as this period was called, "was over." The three suspended teachers, Mr. Buchanon, Mr. Herrod, and Mrs. Woods, sat in the upper balcony, having expressed to many teachers and administrators, as well as to the BSU and other students, that they were not sponsoring this particular session.

A few moments later, after this announcement, the three teachers were called by the principal on the public announcement system to come immediately to his office. Students walked out of the building, in anger, despair and disgust that the assembly – the so-called "Odd Session" – had been broken up by the principal.

The "Odd Session" was established over a year ago, in response to grievances by the students concerning particular school situations, such as the lunch room being inadequate, lunch checks being too high for the average student to eat lunch, and other gripes . . . which were to be aired periodically in these sessions. Shortly thereafter, "Odd Sessions" became a rarity at Beaumont

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People's Planet . . .

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people asked really hadn't thought about it or didn't know, many others suggested demonstration type actions against various polluters. Very little radical politics has been injected into the ecology movement, even by the radicals involved. The AFSC in St. Louis has rushed into ecology without any assessment, and hooked up with plans already in progress by setting up a speaker's bureau and a literature service for the teach-in.

An examination of the plans for the upcoming ecology teach-in show that it will make a large number of people aware that there is more shit around, without giving them any way of relating to it, or doing something about it – thus making those people feel more lost and insecure. All the things talked about to change the situation, from writing to Congressmen to sitting in buildings, are worthless and have shown their worthlessness. The problem isn't, as the ecology people say, that the people don't know. In this age of electronic media, where everyone can smell and taste the pollution, they know. They don't act because they have been shown nowhere to go.

If ecology was simply a problem of getting the pollution out of our air and water, as the teach-in implies, the problem could be better solved by a fascist government than by revolution. The problem will be presented that way and used for fascist repression. (A Nixon speech of 1975 might read: For the safety and preservation of all humanity, I have been forced to take the following steps . . .) The teach-in is only doing the groundwork for that repression. The environmental problem is a total one and it has more to do with the garbage floating around inside our minds than anything else. The realization must come that total change is necessary and that change is revolutionary, not a patchwork of the present system.

The Neighborhood as a Village

(Ed. note: After this was written, Food-Maker, Inc., operator of Jack-in-the-Box drive-in restaurants, abandoned its plans to erect a restaurant on the southwest corner of Delmar and Skinker. Right on!)

As the movement comes out of infancy, it must seek ways to survive and grow. Individuals committed to the revolution must eventually come out of schools and find ways of living which give them freedom to think and build a movement, and they must find ways of relating to other people.

In St. Louis a neighborhood struggle over the future of the Delmar-Skinker area is going on. It is similar to struggles going on in most other cities. It has to do with the ecology of the automobile. The middle class has moved out of the cities and now commutes to downtown jobs via car. Cities build superhighways and other commuter oriented structures with little regard for the communities they go through (usually poor white and black). This is happening on the corner of Skinker and Delmar where two gas stations and a drive-in restaurant are to be built. They will serve the people passing through, with no interest in the area, and they will pollute the neighborhood with paper and exist while destroying neighborhood services. The neighborhood is a village to those who live in it, and the people who live there can be organized to fight this kind of change.

A neighborhood can be organized as a center for radical action. Attack people's values and institutions by creating alternate values and institutions.

Knock on every door in the neighborhood. Say "We're taking a survey." A clipboard with a piece of paper headed: WHAT DO YOU KNOW?/ WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO LEARN? and another piece headed: WHAT DO YOU NEED?/ WHAT CAN YOU GIVE AWAY?

"We are evaluating our resources to see just what we have in our neighborhood, how we can help each other. We feel that none of us know each other well enough. We're going to make up a directory for the neighborhood; it might tell you who can help you with your lawn, who can lend you a power saw." Go prepared to rap with people. If they let you in the door, maybe you can turn their heads around without breaking them off. People will talk to you and understand you because we all have the same problems; we are all lonely and insecure.

For the Movement to grow, it must realize that we are kept in isolation all our lives and told about each other through the established media. The Movement's problems of relating to blacks, poor whites, police, etc., are essentially problems of overcoming false ideas on both sides designed to keep us apart. Those problems can and will be overcome by people talking to people, not by sitting around and listening to media descriptions. The same media that describes us as dirty commies, gives us our impressions of middle America.

Free is the second most important four letter word in the English language. The Diggers were hip to that. Set up a free store as an exchange of goods within the neighborhood. Where will the stuff come from? People. Objects are only transitory subjects of human value. An object released from one person's value may be destroyed, abandoned, or made available to other people. The Diggers assumed free stores to liberate human nature. First free the space, goods and services. Let the theories of economics follow social facts. Once a free store is assumed, human wanting and giving, needing and talking, become wide open to improvisation.

Build a free laundromat. Find a garage, some old machines, washers and driers that are cheap or free; make them work and leave the door unlocked. Paint the place nicely and make it a neighborhood project. People will talk. Why can't all work done by machines be done for free? Why should we be ripped off by the gyp merchants who run the laundromats? The People's Laundromat?

Free the services that people usually have to pay for. A co-operative garage; bring your cars, we have tools and a place, and someone who can teach you to fix your car. Understand your technology. Can people become their own electricians and plumbers? Can they pool their tools and make them available to all? A man in the wilderness quickly learns that he can do many things for himself. Stop relying on the specialist and start becoming a comprehensive person. Build confidence by becoming master of your technology. Anyone willing to teach a class on How Things Work in this neighborhood?

All this time you are talking to people and changing their heads, and yours too. You stop working through the media because it is designed to screw you.

The Student Cooperative Craft Shop already exists in this area. Its purpose is to sell leather goods, jewelry, candles, etc. cheap, and stop exploitation by the mod clothing stores and head shops in St. Louis. It gives people a way to make some money and a place to learn a craft. It has spoken, mainly by design, to the student population in the area. It is interesting, however, to note how the community responded. It made students a part of the community. Black kids came in and wanted to learn how to make things, and started talking to us. Old ladies who had nothing to do offered to mind the store. People got turned on to politics, music, and culture on both sides. There was a place to go where none ever existed before.

A food store could have interesting possibilities in this area. The food industry is one of the industries most neglected by the left. However, it rips people off as much as the auto industry or the military industrial complex. The food is poor quality, unhealthy, and excessively packaged, but everybody has to eat. A food store could succeed if it could sell healthful organic (DDT free) food as cheaply or cheaper than the retail markets. To do this it would have to form its own food chain system; if you go to the present food industry at any stage you will be ripped off. The food should come from farmland in Missouri or Illinois, although some can come from much farther. Student farms, kids living in the country, and farmers who will sell to you (most large farms are under contract) are the sources. The trucking is done by people who own trucks. Flour mills can be had for a couple hundred dollars; bread ovens, juice presses, and much other equipment can be had cheaply because it isn't used anymore.

The key to the project is that while it may not be the most radical thing to do with your time, we all have to eat and support ourselves. If we can spend that time doing these things and free people, we are perfoming a radicalizing function. The tools exist, not among the students but among the people we have been talking about organizing, i.e., everybody else, and if we want to radicalize them we must start providing ways for them to live. There is a good deal of money in a successful food system, money to pay people.

Build a park on the corner of Delmar and Skinker, which is empty now and awaiting a gas station. The people's park strategy is a good one. Do something everyone can understand – build a park, make an ugly place beautiful. When it gets torn down, people will understand about private property and corporate power. Begin with the survey and talk about the ecology of the automobile. Talk about how gas stations are holding companies for real estate, and organize against tearing down the Chinese restaurant and the book store to build a Jack-in-the-Box. Then make the place a park and hold a liberation block party.

Start by talking to people, turn them on and get them thinking. Let human wanting and needing discover what it can do about its condition. The political analysis and rhetoric will come later, slowly.

NOT PEOPLE'S PARK – PEOPLE'S PLANET

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Blacks and Whites Unite During U. City Strike

By Laurie Sitkin

For the past several years campuses in this country have been disrupted by sit-ins, marches, demonstrations, building take-overs and strikes. High schools remained relatively undisturbed by the turmoil as they methodically taught their required courses, hassled over dress codes, executed disciplinary systems and made the switch from hand-written to IBM grade reports. As we all know, high schools are designed to prepare students for college. Even blacks and poor whites have the "opportunity" for higher education. Indeed, within the last year or two, high school kids have been taking that opportunity seriously. But they don't wait until they get to college anymore to protest the hypocrisy of their education, the injustice of the draft and the fraudulence of proper legal channels. At last colleges have begun to prepare kids for high school.

High schools are notorious for their insane variety of required courses and enforced regulations. Even the more liberal high schools are geared toward molding student minds into acceptable productive patterns. The right of dissent is guaranteed as long as it is ineffective. In the April 1970 issue of University City Schools (a publication of the Board of Education of University City), the National Association of Secondary School Principals has recommended that "there can be no legal restrictions of freedom of expression unless its exercise interferes with the orderly conduct of classes and school work. This means that students may freely express their points of views with buttons, insignia, or literature so long as they do not seek to coerce others to join in their mode of expressions and do not intrude on the rights of others during school hours. In cases where the principal is convinced that there is a concerted effort to harass the school administration and class routine is being disrupted, he may suspend students' right to wear buttons and distribute literature on school grounds."

In other words, students are free to express their opinions as long as they don't influence anyone else. Students are free to write letters to their school newspaper or to vote in their student elections, but if they have a serious complaint – about a course, a grade, a teacher, a policy, or something more subversive like opposition to the corporations, the government, and the war – then their rights of dissent (wearing buttons and distributing literature) are suspended.

At U. City High School last month, students took their suspended rights of dissent back into their own hands. Ben Israel, a former U. City student who is in contact with the Black Student Union (BSU) and the Student Mobilization Committee (SMC), related the following account of the protests:

The morning of Monday, March 16, was the annual showing of the Ku Klux Klan film to American Studies Classes. Only this time some white kids cheered as they saw black babies burned. Black students in the audience – who have had to put up with a lot, going to a racist school – stormed out of the lecture hall. One guy ripped up the film.

The blacks were running through the hall, banging on the lockers, yelling for all the brothers to leave classes. Out in the hall, they decided to meet in the

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Gypsy Cowboy

Leather Clothes
Jeans & Pants
Shirts and Polos
Shoes-Boots-Moccasins
Dresses-Skirts
Jewelry-Hats

401 N. Euclid St. Louis, Mo.

To Susan On The West Coast Waiting

By George Lipsitz

BERKELEY, Calif. – In the hinterlands of America, where Roller Derby is televised three times a week and families making $15,000 a year subsist on air conditioned hamburgers and milk shakes, the city of Berkeley, California, is regarded with the kind of fear usually reserved for Hanoi, Havana, or Hell. Consequently, when the children of those families become fed up with their surroundings, they head for Berkeley like Moslems heading for Mecca. Telegraph Avenue is jammed with the sons and daughters of middle America. Their alienation and loneliness has led them to seek an alternative way of life – out where the sun always shines and where the vibrations are better than in, say, Des Moines, St. Louis, or Minneapolis.

I first came to Berkeley in the summer, when the students are in hiding and the South Campus area belongs to the street people, the drifters, and of course, the musicians. Despite its reputation for politics, it is music which is at the core of Berkeley's consciousness. When you walk down any street you hear the sounds of record players, radios, and street corner gatherings of singers communing in the language which is the single most important form of communication for young people anywhere in America today.

Despite its alienation, despite the fact that it is unlike any other American city, Berkeley is totally American and totally a product of the world of rock and roll, hamburgers and french fries, baseball cards, folk music, and all the other tangible reminders of the country we all grew up in. When you come to Berkeley, you're liable to have the same reaction that people had at Woodstock: "I never knew there were so many of us." But once that wears off, the benefits and hazzards of living here are the same as anywhere else. For all the music and all the beautiful long hair, the community in Berkeley is really a conglomerate of alienated nuclear entities whose contact with each other is limited to a certain shared cultural consciousness which never quite succeeds in bringing people together.

The community which young people have established in the South Campus area of Berkeley is as effective in meeting the needs of young people as the Maginot Line was in meeting the needs of France in 1940. Like the Maginot Line, the fault of the community in Berkeley is that it is trying to deal with current problems in the terms of the past. What has evolved in Berkeley is not the response to the lessons of the 60's. Rather it is the logical outgrowth of the needs of that forgotten time of our youth – the 1950's.

The fifties, as Mario Savio says, function in our mythology much as the Dark Ages did for the men of the Enlightenment. Yet the roots of the malaise here in Berkeley are found in the alienations expressed by Sal Paradise, Hank Williams, James Dean, Marlon Brando, and all the other culture heroes of the Eisenhower nightmare.

Through their understandings of the loneliness and sterility of American society, the beatniks, hillbillies, and motorcycle gangs who were the "deviants" of the 50's have become the models of the 70's. Every kid on Telegraph Avenue and virtually everyone under thirty has incorporated certain cultural symbols of the defiance of the fifties, to the point where they would almost all answer as Marlon Brando did in *The Wild One* when asked what he was rebelling against – the immediate answer being "What've you got?" The street people in Berkeley probably have done more traveling at the age of 16 than the characters in *On The Road* did in the whole book, and they've lived lives that give them an intuitive understanding of what Hank Williams meant when he sang "I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry." The key factors in the transition of freaks, deviants, and outcasts into models for the young have been TV, movies, and most importantly, records and radio.

What happened in the 50's was that the carefully construed myths of bourgeois society as expressed by its marshmallow culture (Jo Stafford, the Hilltoppers, Patti Page) were for the first time challenged in front of a mass audience by the segments of American society which had previously been kept invisible – blacks and alienated whites. The only significant indigenous cultural achievements of American society have been created by black people, yet the forces controlling mass culture never admitted this fact. Instead, they scorned black music until they could steal it and sufficiently alter it into Porgy and Bess or the Paul Whiteman Orchestra, at which point it was acclaimed as high art.

Most of us are familiar with the way Americans stole land from the Indians, labor from the blacks, and political institutions from Europe, but the story of the culture which white America pirated from black people was never really acknowledged or understood by any whites until the 1950's. The George Gershwins and Benny Goodmans, who stole black music and passed it off as their own, viewed themselves as liberals who had the broadmindedness to delve into what everyone else regarded as "race music." The real creators of that music, blacks like Bessie Smith, Louis Armstrong, Jelly Roll Morton, Charlie Green, and King Oliver, and the few whites who really tried to play and understand jazz, like Bix Beiderbecke, Adrian Rollini, and Frank Trunbauer, all lived painful and tragic lives – largely unrewarded for their art and either killed off by society's scorn for them or forced into Uncle Tom masks to survive, while their true art became lost.

When white radio stations throughout the country began playing Sam Cooke originals in 1953 instead of the "cover" records by white artists, the foundation was laid for the dropping of America's mask. The "invisible" black population, whose oppression built the country under slavery and whose sensitivity produced America's only lasting culture, became visible and with that visibility America's myths began to crumble. Volumes could and have been written about the extent of racism in America's view of itself and the role that white people's psychotic fears and oppressive policies toward blacks has played in our history. Nowhere has this been more evident than in the cultural field.

Registration day at Berkeley.

The culture which produced Paul Whiteman taking credit for black music was the culture of lynching and segregation. The culture of Jo Stafford and Patti Page and "How much is that doggie in the window?" was the culture that could shrug its shoulders at the oppression of blacks and laugh at Amos and Andy.

The generation of rock and roll was the first generation of whites to become directly exposed to any black culture without fakers like Whiteman to serve as intermediaries. That generation was raised with television, and became the first generation of whites to see black people fighting for their liberation in places like Montgomery and Little Rock – unlike their parents whose only contact with blacks had been to see them as targets for Tarzan at the weekend matinee. That generation grew up when wars of liberation were being fought in the third world; in China, in Cuba, in Vietnam, and the Congo, and became the first generation of whites to see non-white people take over and run their own countries. That generation was the first to see outside the one dimensional framework of paper doll

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New Home for ROTC?

By Jon Cohen

The status of ROTC in St. Louis has been placed in serious doubt by events during the past two months at Washington University and the University of Missouri at St. Louis. Anti-war feeling is stronger than ever, and ROTC has become the major focus of these sentiments on both campuses.

ROTC has been under pressure at WU for a number of years. The current developments are only the latest in a series of protests, including guerrilla theater, petitions, sit-ins and physical attacks on the buildings. WU is a politically active campus with widespread anti-war feelings. Opposition to ROTC has grown in its militancy and has become a political issue rather than an academic one.

WU houses the only Army ROTC in the St. Louis area and one of the two Air Force ROTC programs. Almost two thirds of the students in the program are from WU or UMSL. The idea of moving the program to UMSL has been debated for some time now, and with ROTC as unpopular as it is at present, the pressure to move it to UMSL has increased.

WU and UMSL are the most logical places to have ROTC programs. They have space and lots of students. But the two schools offer interesting contrasts which make it seem reasonable to move ROTC to UMSL. At present, WU has about 3500 undergraduates, whereas UMSL has close to 9000 and is still growing. WU is a private university while UMSL is a state university, and as some see it, the latter owes more of an allegiance to the federal government. WU is a residential campus with more than two thirds of the students from out of town, whereas UMSL is entirely a commuter school where most students live with their parents. The tuition at WU is five times that at UMSL; the income level of WU parents is much higher, and most UMSL students work at least 20 hours per week. WU is a community while UMSL is not.

Because people live at WU, they have broken some of their ties to their parents, church, and local community, and are now influenced by what is happening at other campuses. Living with their parents, UMSL students have developed less political and social independence. The minimal campus life that exists at UMSL centers around the three cafeterias, which consist of tables and vending machines in three buildings in the center of the campus. These are about the only places where people can be together socially. The three most discernible "communities" have unconsciously divided up the cafeterias: the fraternities and sororities in the basement of the administration building, the black students in the Blue Building, and the freaks in the Physics Annex. The other people are randomly distributed around the cafeterias – students tend to sit with old high school friends or people they know from their neighborhoods. But student life is underdeveloped, confined for the most part to the hours between classes.

The lack of facilities for students, the lack of dormitories, the lack of nearby apartments, the hardships of working while attending classes and living at home – all these things make any sort of community almost non-existent at UMSL. What appears to be political apathy is merely a reflection of the nature of the school. It is precisely the lack of political activity which makes UMSL an attractive place for ROTC to center its activities. Furthermore, the students at UMSL are acutely aware of the financial burden of college and are therefore less willing to deprive another student of a means of getting financial help, even it it for training as a professional killer. UMSL, with its greater number of students and less hostile political climate, would seem a far more comfortable place to house the ROTC program.

The ROTC opposition that does exist at UMSL is on several levels. There is clearly a strong element of anti-war feeling involved. If the year were 1943 rather than 1970 there would be no opposition to ROTC. There is the feeling that the military is getting too big; thus there is an emotional reaction against ROTC.

These sentiments translate into opposition on several levels. There is a strong feeling that UMSL has more important things to do with its money. Unlike WU, which has facilities for ROTC, the cost at UMSL would be substantial. The school would have to either provide a building or classroom space, which is inadequate for present needs. There is academic opposition to ROTC among many who feel that the course matter is not worthy of college credit, and resentment on the part of some students who feel that ROTC students are getting an easy twelve credits. There is also some political opposition to ROTC because of its role in American foreign policy.

It would be difficult and misleading to estimate the strength of the opposition at this point. While the campus may seem apathetic, the conditions at UMSL are not really different from WU or Berkeley. The war drags

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Beaumont . . .

(continued from page three)

High School.

These sessions were designed, according to students, as a time to let off steam, to speak out frankly and not harbor any feelings regarding the school problems, to discuss what the students would like to have added to activities and curriculum, and to better relationships between administrators and students.

In the middle of the night, the same night after the BSU performance at Beaumont, the three teachers received telegrams from Dr. William Kottmeyer, Superintendent of the Board of Education, informing them that their services were terminated.

A few days later, after disruptions in the school and continuous student walk-outs protesting the firing of these three teachers, another letter was received by the teachers informing them they were dismissed. Some Board of Education members denied knowledge of the telegrams. They illegally fired the teachers, giving them no prior notice, no formal hearing, and no written reason for their "termination."

Students refused to go to classes to show support for their teachers, whom they all termed "excellent classroom teachers," as well as people who found time to listen to their problems and understand them. Few teachers have time after 3:15 p.m. to stay with students to sponsor groups and organizations, which require their presence in order for students to meet. The big three are guilty of giving the students time and believing it necessary that they learn black history; they are guilty of teaching black pride and black awareness to the students.

Little has been done in any of the schools today, public and private, to update policies for the new generation of students. The power system is still playing the games with these students that they played with their grandparents and parents; they are sitting in the same schools, same classrooms, being fed the same line – lies and trash.

Black students from first grade through the college level will not be satisfied with the tokenism of black history to appease their quest for knowledge. They will not be satisfied with this slice from a big cake. They want their ancestors' history told truthfully, equally, and in the pages of history books as it should be, mandatory for all students and citizens to read, black and white. The students will accept nothing less.

Yet, black administrators, ashamed to be black, and long brain-washed by the system, fight harder than white administrators to keep the history and accomplishments of the black man from the students. They have used such excuses as, "costing too much money," and "not having the true version of the black man's role in history," to fend off the students' cry for black history. Yet, students watch each semester as new books, irrelevant to them, continue to pour into the classrooms.

Teachers continue to teach along the same pattern as they taught years ago – not understanding why they cannot identify with the new students. It is because they are not socially or politically aware of themselves; they are still ashamed of being black, and they see the student as some type of monster, with "way out" thoughts.

In reality, the students are asking only for a choice in selection of their curriculum, a voice in choosing school library books, respect from the teachers, quality education, modern activities within the school, and black speakers to address the students. They are seeking ways of finding their true identity, yet the teachers cannot help them. They have not found the identity themselves. They have never begun to search. Those who have searched and found themselves are persecuted and ousted – like the proud, black Beaumont three.

BSU Makes Demands at U. City H.S. . . .

(continued from page four)

lecture room to seize the time and figure out how to effectively act. They decided to strike and put their long simmering complaints into demands, such as:

1) The elimination of 7th hour. Normally school days are six hours long; most of the students in 7th hour are black.

2) The firing of Miss Robison, health teacher; students claim she is notorious for her narrow mindedness and racism.

3) The rehiring of Mr. Williams, who was fired earlier in the school year. Williams, a black man, was a sponsor of the BSU.

4) Permitting black students to observe their own holidays (anniversaries of assassinations of Malcolm X and Martin Luther King).

5) Black Control of the black studies program.

The next morning, Tuesday, March 17, about 200 black students and 20 white students locked arms to block all the entrances to the school. A few administrators were already in the building when the lines formed; otherwise nobody would have been let in. The administration, after realizing the BSU was serious, decided to close down the school. That night the BSU and members of the school board met. The BSU was not satisfied with the way the board treated them and walked out. School was called off for Wednesday.

Wednesday night, the BSU and the SMC (a slightly left wing, white group) held meetings. I attended the SMC meeting and was impressed by the rambling and open nature of the meeting. There was a lot of debate concerning black oppression and issuing of white demands. The white students felt privileged to be connected with an effective BSU. In many ways their meeting really started when Clement Cann, Prime Minister of the BSU, came in to talk to the group. In broad terms he laid out his conception of revolution in Amerika. He talked about the issue as one of class, not race. The school administration was trying to divide the white students against the blacks, so that they could not work together for change. Cann proposed a Revolutionary Student Council (consisting of three black students and three white students) to hear all student complaints. The Revolutionary Student Union could have unity demands like student representation on the school board, no more 7th hour, and a unified board for grade protest.

Cann emphasized that minds need to be changed in high school to prepare for a national revolution. Since black students can't afford not to get a diploma, they want to turn the high school into a free school; they want an education that teaches blacks and poor whites how to live in a social environment; they want to make the school humanistic. Cann made it clear that white skin privilege is vanishing rapidly as whites buck the system too hard, thus factionalism is ridiculous in high school. The U. City students have stayed together so far and have kept pressure on the administration.

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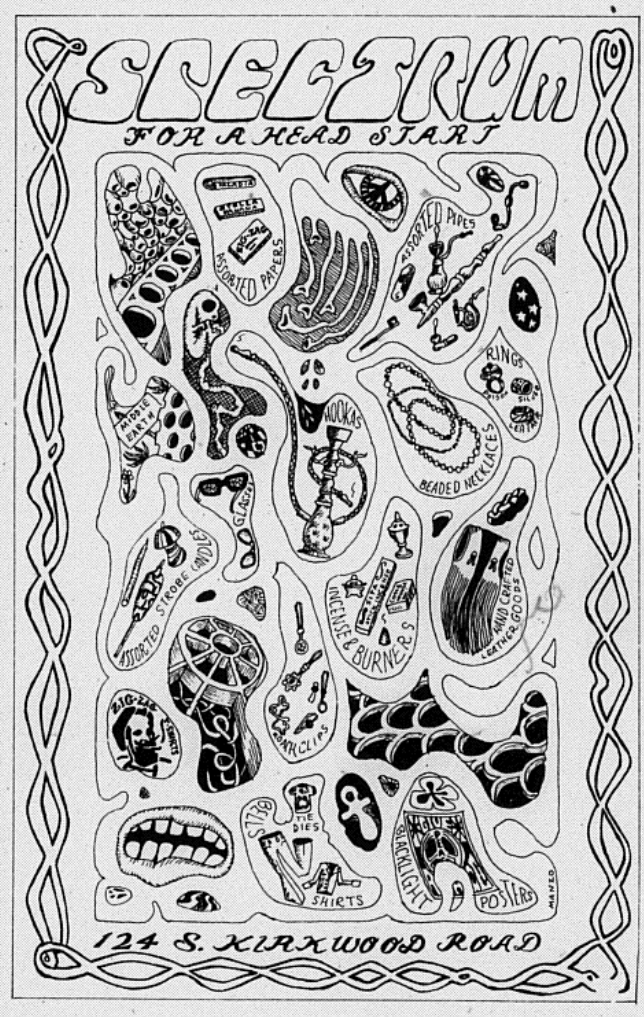


Chicago Comes to St. Louis

By Devereaux Kennedy

On March 31, Daniel Bartlett, United States Attorney for the Eastern District of Missouri, convened a Federal Grand Jury investigation to look into the recent anti-ROTC disturbances at Washington University. The initiative for the investigation came from John Mitchell and Richard Nixon. Their intention is to use Section 245 of the 1968 Civil Rights Act to obtain indictments against students involved in the ROTC actions.

This is the first attempt by the Justice Department to enter directly into a campus student revolt. It also is the latest in a series of moves in Attorney General Mitchell's long range campaign to transform Amerika into a police state. Interestingly enough, Mitchell's major weapon in his campaign to keep Amerika safe from effective dissent has been "Civil Rights" laws. Mitchell effectively used the "Rap Brown rider" to the 1968 Civil Rights Act to convict five of the Chicago 8 for crossing state lines to incite riot. The Chicago Conspiracy trial closed the last decade politically; the WU case may be the symbolic opening of the 1970's.

The implications of the WU anti-ROTC case may be even more far reaching than those of the Chicago trial. Mitchell is trying to obtain indictments against students involved in disrupting ROTC classes at WU on the grounds that protestors interfered with the Civil Rights of ROTC cadets participating in a federally funded activity. If Bartlett and Mitchell are successful in prosecuting this case, the Justice Department will be able to enter directly and immediately into almost any campus activity, for the reality today is that all colleges and universities in Amerika are "federally funded activities." Therefore if Bartlett, Mitchell and Nixon can successfully prosecute the WU case, they can legally enter almost any case of class disruption, building take-over, or sit-in if they can prove that it interferes with a federally funded activity – i.e., the normal functioning of an Amerikan college or university.

The Nixon-Mitchell era is shattering liberal illusions of the 60's. It was the hope of the civil rights movement and the desire of liberal legislators who wrote the '64 and '68 Acts that the power of the federal government, especially the Civil Rights Division of the Justice Department, could be used to defend black Amerikans oppressed by the legal racism which the state and local governments enforce, particularly in the South. It can, of course, be argued that even during the Kennedy-Johnson era (and the reigns of Robert Kennedy and Ramsey Clark in the Justice Department) the federal government was never able to effectively protect the civil rights of black Amerikans or white civil rights workers in the South.

But the direction of the Civil Rights Division under Kennedy and Clark was clear even if its effectiveness was not apparent; the focus of the Division was voting rights, desegregation, and the protection of civil rights workers. The hope of the era, a hope held jointly by the civil rights movement and liberal supporters, was that the Justice Department could be used to protect the "civil rights" of the powerless in Amerika (especially black Amerikans) against the intimidation and oppression of the powerful.

It is clear that under the supervision of Mitchell, however, the function of the Justice Department is to protect the "civil rights" of the powerful against the protests of the powerless. Mitchell is clearly uninterested in pressing for federal protection of the civil rights of black Amerikans. He petitioned the Supreme Court for delays in enforcement of school desegregation in Mississippi. The Justice Department has done little as yet to prosecute those involved in turning over a bus filled with black school children in South Carolina. And after Nixon's unsuccessful efforts to terminate the Voting Rights Bill in the last session of Congress, we can expect little from Mitchell in the way of a vigorous defense of black voting rights in the South.

What can be expected is a total redefinition of the meaning of civil rights and the enforcement of civil rights laws. Nixon, Agnew and Mitchell are now primarily concerned with using these laws against the protests and dissent of the powerless. That is the clear meaning of the series of Justice Department-led raids against the Black Panther Party, the Justice Department's prosecution of the Chicago Conspiracy trial, and the recent federal indictments against the Weathermen. (Both the Weathermen and the Chicago 8 were charged with violations of the 1968 Civil Rights Act).

The clear implication to be drawn from the Justice Department's decision to seek indictments against students involved in the disruption of ROTC classes at WU is one of extending the attack from national groups like the Black Panther Party and the Weathermen and national actions like those around the 1968 Democratic Convention to local student movements and activities (during the last two years there have been campus disturbances on almost every major college campus in the country) and the wide range of federally funded activities in the Amerika of the 1970's. Thus the future direction of the Civil Rights Division of the Justice Department will be to defend the "civil rights" of the government and its activities against all those who dare to dissent in an effective manner.

Surprise: The Grand Jury Couldn't Make It Today

LIBERATION News Service

NEW YORK – The New York District Attorney's office has been issuing phony, illegal subpoenas to friends and relatives of Weathermen, in an attempt to investigate the recent explosion of a townhouse on West 11th St.

Police have served the subpoenas on an undetermined number of persons. The subpoenas have the words "Grand Jury" printed on them in big letters, but in fact no such jury has been empanelled.

When witnesses responding to the subpoenas have gone to the address indicated, they have met police detectives and representatives of the district attorney who proceed with interrogation.

Movement lawyers told Liberation News Service that such bogus subpoenas are invalid, if not illegal. A suit against the police may be filed. In any case, no one is required to answer questions by police or the district attorney under any circumstances.

The police seem to have no leads in their investigation of the West 11th St. explosion, in which three persons lost their lives. Warrants have been issued for Kathy Boudin and Cathy Wilkerson in connection with the investigation, and police are known to be seeking other members of Weathermen. The Weathermen have not been appearing in public recently, and their national office at 1608 West Madison St., Chicago, is closed.

The movement lawyers offered some advice to persons who may be subpoenaed in connection with a Grand Jury. Here is a summary of their suggestions:

1) A Grand Jury proceeding is attended by the 23 members of the jury, one judge and a D.A. If in fact there is no Grand Jury, but only a D.A. and cops, you should not talk. Say you will agree to talk only in the presence of your lawyer – and then get a good lawyer (see below).

2) If you are a revolutionary who does not wish to collaborate with the police in their attempt to jail movement people – for that is what the cops want to do – give them no information. When dealing with the police, there is no such thing as harmless information. Do not be intimidated. When the D.A. asks you questions before the Grand Jury, ask to see your lawyer (who must wait outside the jury room). Each time you are asked a question, you should ask to leave the room to consult with your attorney. Your attorney will probably advise you to say, "I refuse to answer on the grounds that it may tend to incriminate me." You can tell them your name; if they ask anything else – no matter how harmless it may seem – use your Fifth Amendment protection. This should not be seen as copping out or hiding your politics – it is merely a tool to protect the movement.

3) If you are offered immunity, you cannot use the Fifth Amendment, and if you refuse to answer you may be held in contempt of court. The granting of immunity is limited by statute; consult your lawyer on how to proceed. Under most circumstances, the best way to proceed is by refusing to answer. This may result in a 30-day jail term, but it may not.

4) Obtain the advice of an experienced political lawyer. The New York office of the Lawyers Guild can be reached by calling 212-227-0385. Or contact a lawyer at the Law Commune, 212-691-8787. They can put you in touch with a sympathetic lawyer in various communities. Movement lawyers generally make legal aid available free of charge to those who cannot afford it, though you should pay toward legal expenses if you can afford it.

Agents in the Movement – A Growing Problem

LIBERATION News Service

(Editor's Note: The following article originally appeared in the Feb. 13 Resist Newsletter. While not a full exploration of the problem of infiltration and agents provocateurs, it helps raise important issues for radical groups.)

It is clear that for some time tactics which one associates with U-2 flights, the Pueblo, and the Bay of Pigs have been applied to the Black and anti-war movements. The Government's case in the Chicago Conspiracy trial relied primarily on evidence gathered or fabricated from wire-tapping, electronic surveillance, informers, infiltrators, undercover policemen, and agents provocateurs. Of about forty substantive witnesses who testified for the prosecution in the Conspiracy trial, thirty-five were police agents or infiltrators of some kind. This must be taken politically as proof of the Government's conspiracy against us, since agents are usually placed into an organization or action well in advance of the commission of any supposedly illegal acts. The Chicago trail vindicates those who have seemed the more paranoid among us, but it is important that we avoid overreaction to the realization that the organizations of the movement are penetrated with agents. To begin to totally distrust each other and to degenerate into agent baiting only serve one of the purposes for which agents are used. It is more appropriate that we learn to exercise reasonable caution in our political activities, in order that we not inadvertantly provide evidence that can be used for our own prosecution.

WHERE THEY COME FROM Most undercover agents have predictable affiliations: they come from local police departments, the F.B.I., and various branches of military intelligence. Undoubtedly the C.I.A. also has agents in the movement, but it is unlikely that any will surface in the near future. The Chicago Police Department occupies a special place in undercover surveillance of the movement: it employs over one thousand people to gather information from across the nation on "subversive" organizations. Some agents are full-time employees of the police departments or the

(continued on page ten)

St. Louis County plainclothesmen at work.

The Outlaw Presents an Original

A few nights ago the Outlaw staff was sitting at their typewriters conspiring in their secret hideaway. We were in the midst of writing a long-winded analysis of the anti-ROTC battle at Washington University. Suddenly a gust of wind hit the keys at one of the typewriters and typed out a rock opera depicting the WU scene.

Upon reading the rock opera, the Outlaw staff was impressed with the similarity between the events at WU and those it described. Accordingly we filed away our own analysis and decided to present our readers with the gust of wind's rock opera instead. It was suggested that the lyrics be sung to appropriate songs in the Who's rock opera "Tommy." (The appropriate songs are marked in the text of the rock opera "Chancellor Tommy.") So relax with the Outlaw, light up, put your copy of the Who's "Tommy" on the stereo and enjoy yourselves. After the experience, the Outlaw believes you'll know more about what's happening than anyone else in town.

Cast

CHANCELLOR TOMMY College professor and dean, author of well known and seldom used political science text and current chancellor of a university.
MILITARY INDUSTRIAL CHORUS (NATIONAL) Amerikan corporate ruling class including presidents, cabinet members, congressmen, college presidents, generals and industrialists.
MILITARY INDUSTRIAL CHORUS (LOCAL 102.5) Chancellor's key advisors and the Board of Trustees.
AUXILIARY TO LOCAL 102.5 Faculty of a university.
THE HAWK, GRANDFATHER GRAY (The LAW SCHOOL GAMBLER) Well known conservative law professor.
UNCLE JOHNNY WHITEY Assistant to the chancellor, well known opportunist, chancellor's hatchet man, liaison between university administration and local and federal police.
NEW LEFT ACID SCENE Anti-war, pro-peace students.
DOCTOR FAUSTUS Editor of school paper, reported to be number one on Chancellor Tommy's hate list, also reported to be an agent of the New Left and a "yellow journalist."
CHAIRMAN CHARLIE Chairman of the board of trustees at a university and top official of a well known local air polluting corporation.
MR. LIBERAL A variety of faculty members accurately fit this title.
MR. RADICAL For information on the possible identity of this character contact U.S. Attorney Dan Bartlett or your local FBI.
NEWSBOY FOR PIG-DISPATCH Author of recent fascist editorials on WU disturbances appearing in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

ACT I

scene 1

(1964) The lights in the Capitol Building in Washington, D.C. are burning late. Tension is in the air. The war in Vietnam is going badly. All efforts have been made to keep the news from the battlefronts in Asia out of the hands of the Amerikan public. But the President has staked everything on the outcome of the Asian War, and now he must call in his allies, the academic-military-industrial complex, explain the extent of the crisis, and devise a plan for saving corporate liberalism. ("Overture").

Corporate liberalism
didn't come through
but the whole country
doesn't know it
Staked it all on an Asian War
Wonder if they'll blow it.

In a large, ornate conference room, President Johnson has gathered a group of key generals, industrialists and university chancellors to discuss the crisis. As the scene opens LBJ is talking to Chancellor Tommy. ("It's a War" sung to the tune of "It's a Boy").

LBJ:
It's a war Chancellor Tommy
It's a war.
It's a war Chancellor Tommy
It's a war.
Military Industrial Chorus:
In Nam, In Nam. In Nam.

scene 2

Back in St. Louis, Chancellor Tommy is meeting with Local 102.5 of the Military Industrial Chorus. ("Vietnam" sung to the tune of "1921").

Military Inudstrial Chorus Addressing Chancellor Tommy:
I've got a feeling Vietnam's gonna be a big war
Especially if you and me see it in together.
Chancellor Tommy responds:
So you think Vietnam's gonna be a big war.
It could be good for me and you
But not for them – no never.
I've got no reason to be over honest
But somehow when you call I come runnin'
So I guess we'll put it over together.
Students thundering from offstage:
What about the war?
What about the war?
What about the war?
We saw it all!

The Board of Trustees, startled, starts cowering under the table and hiding their faces. The vice chancellors quickly lock all the doors and pull the shades over the windows. Police appear from rear of stage to disperse students. Slowly the student chorus dies down and the trustees emerge from under the table. They look angrily at Chancellor Tom. Tom looks nervously about trying to think of a solution. Suddenly his face lights up and he says: Don't worry, I'll call in the local auxiliary of the Military Industrial Chorus, the faculty. They'll do their jobs and convince the students the war doesn't exist!

scene 3

Faculty meeting with Chancellor Tommy presiding. The student body president addresses the chancellor and the faculty, backed by a chorus of student representatives: What about the war? With Chancellor Tommy conducting, the faculty replies in unison: You didn't hear it, you didn't see it.

Auxiliary:
You didn't hear it
You didn't see it
You won't say nothing to no one
ever in your life.
You never heard it
Oh how absurd it seems without any proof.
You didn't hear it
You didn't see it
You never heard it not a word of it
You won't say nothing to no one
Never tell a soul what you know is the truth.

Out of the faculty chorus bursts Grandfather Gray, Hawk of the faculty with a few engineering, business and law professors backing him up: (sung to the tune of "The Hawker").

You talk about your napalm
And your old land mines
You talk about your napalm and your old land mines,
When we rain it down on 'em
All those gooks go blind.
You know we'll give them all our hardware
Till they all are dead
We'll give them all our hardware
Till they all are dead
We'll show those spics and chinks
What happens to a red.
We've got the power to kill them bet my last buck
We've got the power to kill them bet my last buck
And if you get in our way
You're just out of luck.

ACT II

scene 1

Tommy, alone, paces up and down stage. ("protests" sung to the tune of "Christmas").

Did you ever see the faces of students
They get so excited
When they see the Asian landscape
and all the people get ignited
They believe in dreams and all they mean
Including heaven's curiosity
Looking 'neath the bed
for some scandal
or atrocity.

Chancellor Tommy exits stage right while students enter stage left:

And Tommy doesn't know what war it is
Doesn't know what napalm or what bombing is
How can he be saved
From digging his own grave?
Surrounded by money he sits so silently
And unaware of everything
Playing FDR
picks his staff to shield him
From honest looks at anything
We believe in love
but how can men whose goals are obscene
be enlightened
Only if he's cured
will his spirit's future level ever heighten.
And Tommy doesn't know whose war it is
Doesn't know whose profits and whose blame
Thinks he's still living twenty years ago
To him it's all the same.
Tommy can you hear me?
Tommy can you hear me?
How can he be saved?

Tommy enters from stage right very agitated, face red, gesturing wildly, he lectures the students:

See me, praise me
The system pays me
See me, praise me
The system pays me.

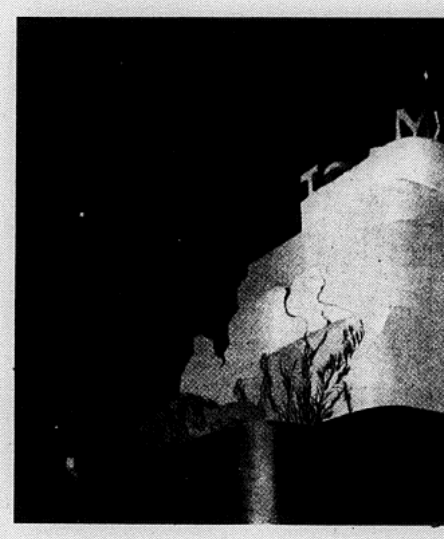
Students reply:

Tommy can you hear me?
Tommy can you hear me?
Tommy can you hear me?
How can he be saved?

Chancellor, unable to control the students, sends for his assistant, boy wonder Uncle Johnny Whitey. Tommy leaves stage hoping Uncle Johnny can control the students.

Uncle Johnny is a sneaky figure who is both subservient and obedient to the chancellor and mean and sadistic to the students. The chancellor thinks Uncle Johnny is just a loyal aid, but Uncle Johnny has plans of his own and hopes by his good works to someday convince local 102.5 of the Military Industrial Chorus (the Board of Trustees) that he would make a better chancellor than Tommy. ("Uncle Johnny" sung to the tune of "Cousin Kevin").

You're on your own students
You're all alone students
I know that's not what you say
Since from your parents you've broken away
You won't have much fun



But you're just the ones
I can use as I go on my way.
Do you know I'll be reaching the top
By playing a fink and a cop,
You're useful to me and why can't you see
When I'm Chancellor then I might stop.
How would you feel if I called in the feds.
Had them put creases on top of your heads,
What would you do if I turned over my files
To some other cop who admired my wiles
And locked you away as I smiled?
I'm the school bully
The Brookings cheat
On my way to the top
You'll all be at my feet
I'll use you to climb up
And laugh when you're beat.
Maybe you'd like to see some of my hats
A counselor, a cop, and a teacher at that
You won't ever stop me though you might make me squirm
That's just one more thing that I'd like to confirm
I'm the school bully
The Brookings cheat
On my way to the top you'll all be at my feet
I'm the boy wonder and I'll never be beat.

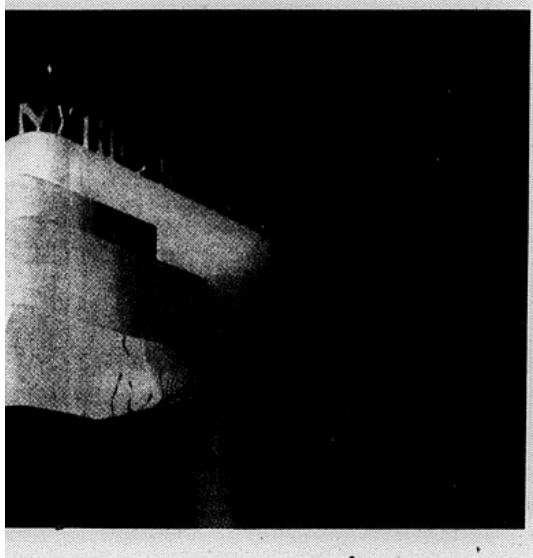
scene 2

The students have found that their questioning and pleading to the chancellor and the board doesn't work. Uncle Johnny has dispersed and beaten them. But now a new force comes on campus in the form of a crowd of long haired, disreputable, radical students

al Rock Opera: 'Chancellor Tommy'

equipped with NLF flags and pictures of Che on their shirts. The New Left Acid Scene students exhort the receptive students. ("The Acid Scene" sung to the tune of "The Acid Queen").

If your life ain't all it should be now
This change will put it right
We'll show you what it could be now
If you just begin to fight
It's the New Left, the acid scene
Make it better than before
The New Left, the acid scene
We're tryin' to end the war.
Let's get it all together now
Forget the CIA
Your war won't be a war no more
But the birth of another day
We're the New Left, the acid scene
A different kind of life
The New Left, the acid scene
A new world will be built from strife.
Gather your friends and do it fast
Your soul must learn to breathe
We'll make our own stand here and now
Before we have to leave
Our time has come, now look at them
Killing all that is alive
Dropping bombs on Vietnam
Making peasants writhe
It's time to move
Make a brand new scene
Let the old world fall
If we can't, and the old ones won't
It won't be done at all.



scene 3

(1968-69) Having gained the support of the students, the New Left Acid Scene devises a plan to expose Chancellor Tommy and Local 102.5 of the academic-military-industrial chorus. They will burst into their secret meeting and confront them with their complicity with the war.

As the confrontation takes place behind him, student newspaper editor and New Left Acid Scene agent Doctor Faustus tells us the story in "Clayton Valley C.I.A." sung to the tune of "Harper Valley P.T.A."

Well let me tell you all a story 'bout a
corporate liberal double play
That was pulled off in St. Louis by some
lackeys for the C.I.A.,
That offed some brothers from the school cause
they brought to light the war
and who went into a house by walking by the
guards posted at the door.
The letters read now students you've been doin'
things all wrong
The way you rant and scream you'd think that
you were Viet Cong
And we don't believe you should be livin' life
this way
and it was signed by the secretary for the
lackeys of the C.I.A.
Well it happened that the Trustees were gonna
meet that very afternoon
And they were sure surprised when a bunch of
students pushed right in the room
They didn't even get turned back by the words
the rich men had to say
They said we'd like to address this meeting of
the puppets of the C.I.A.
Well there is Chairman Charlie who made all
his money from the bomb,
And John M. Olin who gets rich from the deaths
in Viet Nam,
And Mr. Killian who says that G.M. is his brand
But really works for the Pentagon M.I.T.
and Rand.
Mr. Clifford couldn't be here cause he's busy
running all your wars,
And Mr. Stanton's before the F.C.C. grovelin'
down on all fours,
Mr. Shepley used to pay his workers nothin' more
than a starvation wage,
And Mr. Morgans runs polluted mills that
fill my heart with rage.
Chancellor Tommy thinks he can fool me with
his cheatin' and his lies
And Mr. Dauten thought we could never get
this wise
Now you have the nerve to tell us that as
students we're not fit
Well this is just another business and you're
all corporate liberal hypocrites.
No I wouldn't put you on, it really did
it happened just that way,
The day some students socked it to, those
lackeys for the C.I.A.

scene 4

After the confrontation Chancellor Tommy and Local 102.5 of the Military Industrial Chorus hold an emergency meeting in a secret bunker. The Military Industrial Chorus demands that the New Left Acid Scene students be punished immediately. Tommy questions the chorus and they reply in "Do You Think It's Alright?"

Chancellor Tommy:
Do you think it's all right
To bring them to the Grand Jury?
Do you think its all right
Is your hold on them tight
Do you think its all right?
Local 102.5 Chorus:
We think its all right, yes we think its
all right.

Tommy agrees to have the students punished and sends for his loyal aid Uncle Johnny Whitey to do the job. Uncle Johnny arrives and Tommy gives him his orders. Tommy and the Military Industrial Chorus exit, leaving Uncle Johnny Whitey alone on stage. Uncle Johnny approaches stage center and with great glee sings "Throw Them All Out" to the tune of "Fiddle About".

I'm ambitious Uncle Johnny
I'm glad you won't see or hear me
As I throw them all out
Throw them all out, throw them all out.
I was put here to help you
Now I'm doing what I want to
Throw them all out
Throw them all out
Throw them out.
Down with our own rules
Get the Grand Jury
Throw them all out
Throw them out
Throw them out.
No one will dare to shout
If I throw them all out
Throw them all out
Throw them out.

scene 5

Uncle Johnny does his job and key members of the New Left Acid Scene are thrown out of school and brought before a Grand Jury for criminal prosecution. Chancellor Tommy is once again in full favor with the Military Industrial Chorus.

The head of the local Military Industrial Chorus, Chairman Charlie, is in his mansion surrounded by servants. He tells us of his appreciation of Chancellor Tommy's abilities in "Pinhead Liberal," sung to the tune of "Pinball Wizard".

Chairman Charlie:
Ever since I've been a young man
I've been a capitalist
From atom bomb to napalm
There ain't no trick I've missed
But I ain't seen nothing like him
Since FDR's been dead
That fast talkin' chancellor
Sure is a big pinhead.
He lies like a deacon
but he's part of our machine
Soothing all their feelings
Makin' it so clean
Calls it academic freedom
But gets rid of the reds
That fast talkin' Chancellor
Sure is a big pinhead.
He's a pinhead liberal
There has to be a twist
A pinhead liberal
I didn't know they still exist
Why do you think he does it? I don't know
What makes him so good.
His staff does all the hard work
He lets them catch the hell
Doesn't do no dirty work
He don't even catch the smell
Always gets his way
At least that's what he says
That fast talkin' Chancellor
Sure is a big pinhead
I thought I'd run that school
Just like a king
But instead I handed my dirty work to him
Even with those commies
He co-opts all their rage
Just like we did in Asia
Will put them in their cage
We'll use him for awhile
At least until he's dead
That fast talkin' Chancellor sure is
a big pinhead.

ACT III

scene 1

It is the fall semester of 1969-70. The New Left Acid Scene students are in retreat after the confrontation, Tommy appears to be in full command. But the war in Vietnam continues and in protest of it, the students regroup, this time under the leadership of Mr. Liberal.

Mr. Liberal gathers the students together and tells them his plan for ending the war. ("Mr. Liberal" sung to the tune of "There's a Doctor").

Though they started the wars they may not
want more o' 'em
Let's win them over with a moratorium.
Could open the door
There's a tactic I've found could end the war
There's a tactic I found could end the war.
He wrote in his book of rule adumbration
Let's have Tommy sponsor our demonstration.

After the song, Mr. Liberal yells, "Let's all go to the Field House with Tommy for the moratorium!"

scene 2

It's after the moratorium and Mr. Liberal is talking with Mr. Radical, a leader of the New Left Acid Scene. (The dialogue is sung in "Go to the Field House" to the tune of "Go to the Mirror"). In the background off stage, Tommy is heard singing.

Mr. Liberal:
He seems to be completely unreceptive
The things he told us made no sense at all
His eyes react to pressure we can see it.
But he must be listening to someone else's call.
Tommy:
Obey me, hear me.
Praise me, fear me.
Obey me, hear me,
Praise me, fear me.
Mr. Radical:
There is no chance – No untried operation
His heart lies with them and not with me.
Thinking that he's fighting isolation
He's just as bad as Nixon or as Ky.
Tommy:
Obey Me, Hear Me
Praise Me, Fear Me
Obey Me, Hear Me
Praise Me, Fear Me.
Mr. Liberal:
His eyes can see
His ears hear his lips can speak
All the time he's tried to hide
His job makes him part of their operation
One more soldier on their side
Go to the Field House Tommy
Go to the Field House Tommy
Mr. Radical:
I often wonder if he's got any feeling
Has he ever heard a word I've said?
Look at him gazing at the Trustees
What is happening in his head?

Mr. Liberal and Mr. Radical exit and Tommy and the trustees emerge on stage.

(continued on next page)

Tommy Becomes a Fascist, Loses Job Anyway . . .

(continued from preceding page)
Tommy to the Trustees:
Listening to you I hate their music
Gazing at you, I lick your feet
Following you I get some stature
Bowing to you I get to eat.
Right behind you I see your millions
Made from bombs and old glory
From you I get opinions
From you I get the story.

The curtain closes on Tommy and the trustees; Mr. Liberal emerges back on stage singing, shaking his head.
What is happening in his head
Oooh I wish I knew, I wish I knew.

scene 3

(Spring Semester 1970). The moratorium has failed and Mr. Liberal is gone from the scene. The students have regrouped under the leadership of the invigorated New Left Acid Scene. Their issue is the ROTC program on the campus. In front of the chancellor's house they are seen singing in a massive chorus:
Tommy can you hear me?
Can you feel me near you?
Are you ending ROTC?
Or are you just another Nazi?

Tommy does not appear, and Mr. Radical steps up to address the crowd. ("Smash the System" sung to the tune of "Smash the Mirror").
You don't answer my call
With even a nod or a twitch
But you gaze at your own obstruction
You don't seem to see me
But I think you can see yourself
How can the Trustees affect you?
Can you hear me
Or do I surmise?
That you fear me you can feel my temper
RISE
Do you miss or kiss them
or do I smash the system?
Do you fight or kiss them
Or do I smash the system? TRASH!

After the song, rocks are heard smashing all over campus, and the confrontation of the week of March 22, 1970, has begun.

scene 4

Tommy has talked to both the National Military Industrial Chorus and its local 102.5, the Board of Trustees. He knows what he must do, end the revolt. He has his tactics, and he tells us what they are in "Repression" sung to the tune of "Sensation."
I'll overwhelm as I approach you
Make your lungs hold gas inside
I see you want no reasonable discussions
I'll split your heads with multiple concussions.
You'll feel it coming
During intercession
From afar you'll see it
I'm for repression
We cannot win in Vietnam
They've thrown us back there,
We'll make up for that by blaming it on
what's been going on here.
You'll feel it coming
As we start a recession
From afar you'll see it
It's called repression.
Soon you'll see me can't you feel me
It's coming
Send you hippies running I know the answer
It's coming
It's coming
It's called repression.
I'll leave a trail of wasted people
That mindless rabble of a mob
I'll show the Trustees I'm one of them
I'll even get to keep my job.

After the song a newsboy from the Pig-Dispatch indicates the reaction of the St. Louis community to Tommy's repression by singing his praises. ("Miracle Change" sung to the tune of "Miracle Cure").
Extra Extra
Read all about it
Pin head liberal
makes a miracle change
Extra extra read all about it
Extra.

scene 5

Student newspaper editor, Dr. Faustus, enters to center of stage to give the background of the confrontation. He sings "Worlds Apart" to the tune of "Sally Simpson" backed by the Student Life staff chorus.
In the White House Mr. Agnew announced
that students should get a beating
He went on pushing freedom of choice
And Tommy followed his leading.
He went to his school with a new kind of pleasure
though some thought it was forbidding.
Even stopped sounding like FDR but everyone
thought he was just kidding.
He knew from the start
Deep down in his heart
That he and students were worlds apart
But the Trustees said never mind your part
Is to act like General Hershey.
The theme of the nation was I'm thinkin' of me
Our problems will go away
So Tommy decided to ignore the kids
And keep ROTC anyway.
He spent his life getting ready
and didn't want them to replace him
And no bigot racist, hawk or fool
Was ever going to outpace him.
He knew from the start deep down in his heart
That he and students were worlds apart.
But the Trustees said never mind your part
is to act like General Ky.
The war started in Asia but was being brought home
by Tommy and his kind
Group after group were angry with rage
And others just sat there crying
The battle scenes made a pretty picture
on TV and on radio
And when anybody told Tommy about the war
and the deaths he just screamed
Here we go.
The crowd went crazy
As Tommy went deranged
The people fighting for a new kind of life
were added to his pains.
But soon the whole scene here was cooler
as the students learned the lesson
They had to let Tommy know they were
through with him and his game of playing possum.
They let the world know what Tommy was pulling
And put him in disgrace
His only response was to call on the cops who opened up with their mace.
He knew from the start deep down in his heart
That he and students were worlds apart
But the Trustees said never mind your part
is to act like McCarthy.
The Trustees believed in power and frowned
On ways of sharing the good things
They felt Tommy was the man of the hour
and knew how to handle those nothings.
But with an empire to run, you don't have time for fun
And they soon went back to their money.
Tommy was left holding the bag
and feeling a little funny.
He knew from the start
Deep down in his heart
That he and students were worlds apart.
But the Trustees said never mind your part
is to work just for me.

scene 6

It's the key moment in the confrontation. Tommy and his assistants and the faculty all confront the students at a meeting. With vice chancellors and faculty in the background nodding their heads and shaking their fingers at the students, Tommy announces to the students his plan to end the confrontation. ("The University Still Stands" sung to the tune of "Welcome").
Welcome to the school
I guess you all know why you're here
My name is Tommy and I became a fascist this year
If you want to stay here
Then you've got to play ball
So put in your ear plugs
Put on your eyeshades
You know where to shove your mind.
Hey you getting drunk
So sorry, I got you sussed
Hey you smokin' mother nature
This is a bust
Hey hung up old Mister Liberal
Don't try to gain my trust
Cause you're not gonna run your life any old way
Although you think you must.
Students reply in a whisper:
We're not gonna take it.
We're not gonna take it.
We're not gonna take it.
Never did and never will.
We don't have to take it.
Gonna break it
Gonna shake it
Let's forget it better still.
Tommy:
Now you can't hear it
Your ears are truly sealed
You can't speak either
Your mouth is filled
You can't see nothing
And a police state is the scene
Here comes old John Whitey
to guide you on
What is and is not obscene.
Students yell, shouting Tommy, his assistants and faculty off the stage:
We're not gonna take it
We're not gonna take it
We're not gonna take it
Never did and never will
Don't want no religion
And as far as we can tell
Don't want no police state
And as far as we can tell
We ain't gonna take you
Never did and never will
We're not gonna take you
We forsake you, gonna rape you
Let's forget you better still.

Tommy cannot end the confrontation, so he is fired. Grandfather Gray has replaced Tommy as chancellor. The Board and the faculty now deal with him and not with Tommy. Uncle Johnny is now Grandfather Gray's assistant. Everyone has deserted Tommy. In the last scene Tommy is on his knees, begging Chairman Charlie, head of the Board, to reconsider.
See me, feel me, touch me, heal me.
See me, feel me, touch me, heal me.
Listening to you I get the music
Gazing at you I lick your feet
Following you I get some stature
Bowing to you, I get to eat.
Right behind you I see your millions
Your bombs and old glory
From you I get opinions
From you I get the story.

Chairman Charlie laughs, shakes Tommy away and exits off stage. As the opera ends Tommy is on stage alone, reading a copy of his textbook to find out where he went wrong.

Detecting Agents . . .

(continued from page seven)
F.B.I.; others are part time informers or provocateurs; others become agents after being arrested and threatened with long prison terms. Some agents have several responsibilities – e.g., intelligence gathering, provocation, and entrapment – while others are simply snoops, picking up whatever information they can but not seeking to influence or direct policy. Some work full-time with particular groups; others appear only, but consistently, before major local or national actions; still others merely report whatever useful information happens to come their way.

SUSPICIOUS BEHAVIOR WITHIN A GROUP

Agents often act as provocateurs. The police provocateur is almost always the most militant and aggressive in suggesting illegal activities without providing a political justification for them. In the small group which supposedly plotted to blow up the Statue of Liberty, the deciding vote (and most insistent voice) for the sabotage plan was that of a police agent. When a person's militancy rises without a corresponding increase in theoretical radicalization, suspicions should be raised. Police provocateurs also often try to discredit leaders who will not be pushed into action without sound political reasons. And some agents engage in illegal actions – e.g., dropping acid or providing grass for other members – in order to win the confidence and respect of the group. (Once an agent's "cover" has been destroyed, he might assist in the prosecution of those with whom he engaged in such activities.)

Most agents are not interested in radical theory, and few have a flair for it. One should be very suspicious of members of a group who remain reluctant to be involved in theoretical discussion even after heavy attendance at meetings and conferences. Agents tend to be interested in potentially illegal activities but not in the rationale for them.

But one should also be suspicious of leading questions related to revolutionary actions, especially those planned for the future. Agents want to collect personal statements encouraging riots, disruptions, sabotage, and physical violence. One can safely explain

(continued on page thirteen)

Dinosaurs Cannot Jail the Revolution

By George Lipsitz

To people accustomed to the courtroom wizzardry of Perry Mason and the concept of ultimate justice which it represents, the Chicago Conspiracy Trial was a nightmare of confusion and chaos. Far from offering a neutral arena where the dispassionate search for justice could continue unhindered by partisanship, Judge Hoffman's Chicago courtroom presented a spectacle of bitter acrimony marked by prejudice, bias, and some of the most tumultuous and chaotic events ever to occur in a courtroom. However, to anyone who has spent a day at a local courthouse watching lawyers get rich by advising clients to plead guilty, the trial was marked not so much by the size of its injustice, but by its political import.

Ten men are going to jail for merely demonstrating their opposition to the war in Vietnam, while the real criminals who prosecute that war remain in power. But it is the political nature of this trial which makes it of particular significance to everyone unjustly locked in the prisons of America – both in and out of jail.

The motivation of the government in the trial was not too far removed from its motivation in prosecuting the Vietnam war in the first place. In both cases, the government was trying to stop a revolution which had already happened. Frustrated by that fact, it sought to wreak vengeance on the revolutionaries in the hope of demonstrating that the price of such arrogance is so great that no one would ever try it again. The greatest mistake made in discussing the trial is the reference to it as a mess created by the stupidity and arrogance of both sides. It certainly was a mess, but it came about because of an important difference in the concepts of humanity represented by the government and by the defendants.

The government's view of humanity was one of obedient respect for any and all authority and of submission to power. In his summation, Prosecutor Thomas Foran indignantly referred to the defense's attack on his police state tactics of relying entirely on paid informers and undercover spies for information by saying, "I mean what has happened to us. Are we going to get conned like that; the bad people are policemen. The bad people are FBI agents. The bad people are people who give their lives to the government. The bad people are a kid who goes into the Navy. That you're only a good guy if you like the homosexual poetry of Ginsberg. Or you are only a good guy if you think Paul Krassner's funny. Or you are only a good guy if you think that somebody like that Sanders with the goofy outfit is a decent man. We can't let people use our kids like that."

Later, in a speech before the Loyola Academy Booster Club, reported in the Chicago Sun Times of February 27, Foran more clearly delineated the government's reasons for the trial, when he said, "We've lost our kids to the freaking fag revolution and we've got to reach out to them . . . Our kids don't understand that we don't mean anything by it when we call people niggers. They look at us like we're dinosaurs when we talk like that."

Foran's admission that his kids were lost is a telling factor in the government's case – a sentiment echoed by the actions of the Cook County Sheriff who sold the mug shots of the Chicago 7 with their hair cut off to the press, and waved the pictures at a Republican Party dinner as proof that "Republicans get results!" Bewildered by a generation which didn't goose step off to their conquest of Vietnam, which set models of behavior other than psychopathic Generals and power mad racist politicians, the government sought to apply to young rebels here the same treatment it gave to the Vietnamese who refused to accept America's version of the truth.

In Vietnam, the power of the United States has been challenged by a people who have endured 25 years of war against the Japanese, French, and Americans. After suffering the worst destruction by bombing ever inflicted on any country, they are still determined to survive as a nation and to offer to the world a concept of humanity different from the manipulative authoritarianism imposed by the United States on the third world. The Vietnamese national folk legend tells the story of a girl who suffers the karma of other people so that their souls can be set free. Like their legendary folk heroine, the Vietnamese have suffered the karma of the United States and in so doing have awakened American young people to an alternative concept of life which offers them some hope for the future. Facing the strongest military power in the world, the Vietnamese grow more confident with every attempt by the U.S. to wipe them out, because they know that the dinosaurs like Foran can thrash around all they want, but they will still become extinct.

The view of humanity that American young people have learned from the Vietnamese is that you can stand up to a dinosaur, no matter how powerful he seems, and that by uniting with your brothers and sisters you can win your liberation. The young people who came to Chicago were a product of that state of mind, and in the manner of all dinosaurs, the Justice Department tried to prosecute a state of mind in Federal Court. Just as the government refused to understand that the Vietnamese people could fight for their view of humanity without having been put up to it by demons like Russia and China, they failed to concede that young people in this country would reject their values and oppose their wars unless they were put up to it by "conspirators" who secretly manipulated innocent people. Just as Project Phoenix and other CIA run "pacification programs" in Asia attempt to contain popular movements by imprisoning and executing alleged "leaders," as a warning to anyone who might follow, the government sought to make the people in Chicago an example to young people throughout the country. Curiously enough they succeeded, but with results opposite from those they expected.

The trial itself, like the war in Vietnam, demonstrated the bankruptcy of those prosecuting it better than argument could hope to do. After denying Bobby Seale the right to be represented by Charles Garry; after jailing lawyers who had worked on pre-trial motions; after showing threatening letters allegedly from the Black Panther Party to jurors who hadn't seem them previously in an attempt to disqualify or prejudice jurors; after sequestering the jury in their hotel rooms from October to February and blaming the defendants for the long trial; after binding and gagging Bobby Seale when he tried to represent himself in court; after preventing the defense from introducing any testimony relevant to the political climate of August, 1968; after preventing Ralph Abernathy and Ramsey Clark from testifying for the defense; after stealing documents from aides to the defense; and after sentencing all the defendants and their lawyers to jail on charges of contempt of court for such "serious" acts as laughing in court (15 days in jail) and calling the Judge "Mr. Hoffman" (6 months in jail); the prosecution could only get eight of the 12 jurors to believe that the defendants were guilty of anything. No wonder Foran's kids look at him like he's a dinosaur! Twelve jury members who had been selected from voter registration roles and had been chosen only on questions from the prosecution, had been unable to find guilty seven young men who were charged with protesting against the electoral process and being the corrupting force of youth in America. One-third of that group of the silent majority was convinced by the defense's arguments and rejected the fabrications of Foran's paid witnesses and informants.

However, the jury reached a compromise and acquitted the defendants on the conspiracy charge, convicting them of inciting to riot, even though none of the jurors personally believed in that verdict. They reached that compromise, because the four members of the jury who believed that the defendants were innocent, preferred not to believe what they knew was the truth. To do so would call into question the whole system they lived under, and they did not want to confront that fact. A hung jury, in the words of one juror, would have been a waste of the government's time and money and would prove that nothing could be settled in the courts. The jurors who believed the defendants to be innocent hoped that the law would be found unconstitutional and the convictions would be reversed by a higher court.

The jury's desire to avoid what they felt to be the truth becomes more understandable when placed in relation to the war in Vietnam. As in the trial, the most exhorbitant and outrageous efforts on the part of the government have not convinced enough people that the war is justified. But many of the people who believe the war to be wrong don't want to call into question the whole system they live under and don't want to take the responsibility for opposing the government. Like the sympathetic jurors in the trial, they hope that a higher court (the U.N., the Paris Talks, Eugene McCarthy) will come along and right matters, thereby removing the responsibility from them.

As Tom Hayden said after the trial, "there were four people who from the beginning of the jury's deliberations believed that we were absolutely innocent. But they thought that the system would be damaged by a hung jury. Furthermore, they believed that this same system would probably find the law unconstitutional so we would not have to suffer in the end, and their consciences would not hurt too badly. They had no guns at their heads, just social pressure. If they had stood up there would have been nothing that John Mitchell or Julius Hoffman could have done to put us away for five years. That's why we're asking people of good intentions, liberals in California and all over the country, to stand up strongly and talk back to the Reagans and Agnews. You'll see how quickly they fade away."

Hayden is correct about the trial, and what he says applies equally to the war in Vietnam. The hung jury already exists in America on the war, but like the sympathetic jurors at the trial, it abdicates its responsibility in the hope that a higher court will make things right. As the dinosaurs become more and more desperate they will most certainly be willing to do their very worst in their dying moments to wreak vengeance upon the future, a significant fact for those of us who will be there.

The conspiracy trial and the war in Vietnam have been shown to be preludes for more vicious and authoritarian trials and wars; like the frame-ups of members of the Black Panther Party in New York and New Haven, and the virtually unrestrained bombings of Laos. The U.S. military in Asia has responded to Mao's famous axiom that revolutionaries are like fish and that the people they work with are the ocean, by saying that "If we can't get the fish, we'll destroy the ocean."

In Asia and at home, the U.S. power structure has shown itself willing to destroy large segments of the population to bolster its increasingly dictatorial rule. As it resorts to mass bombings, no-knock laws, search and destroy missions, preventive detention, and preventive capital punishment, that capacity becomes increasingly a reality. These methods have been adopted because the government hopes to terrify people into believing that submitting to the doctrines of the past will be less painful than accepting the truths of the future. However, no matter what horrors are adopted to effect this policy, there is no stopping the future for anyone. The dinosaurs who seek to wreak vengeance on those who will outlive them can only hasten their own demise, for as painful as its birth pains may be, there is no way to prevent the future world from being born.

ROTC to UMSL? . . .

(continued from page five)

on, people's uneasiness about the future grows, and the impersonality of the school mirrors the loneliness of the world outside. It is the big issues – the war, the economy, the structure of power – which really affect the lives of the students. If present trends in these areas continue, UMSL will see the same development of cultural and political radicalism that has been growing among young people for the last decade. The belief that ROTC will exist more easily at UMSL than at WU is illusory because the foreign policies it protects and the corporate interests these policies preserve will breed more wars and more opposition at home. UMSL will not be exempt from this.

At present UMSL's participation in the ROTC program consists of granting up to twelve units of academic credit and having a commissioning ceremony as part of graduation. A year ago the Faculty Senate at UMSL set up an ad hoc committee to consider the possibility of bringing ROTC to UMSL. The committee was to hold public discussions of the issues and sponsor separate polls of faculty and students to find out their feelings about ROTC.

Two public discussions were held, the first in December and the second in January. The first featured a debate between two outside speakers. The second discussion consisted of a debate among eight UMSL people. Neither was particularly well attended, with the second debate attracting almost no audience.

The exact date of the vote was not determined until Feb. 15, when the committee, in conjunction with the Central Council, scheduled the vote for February 23 and 24. The vote posed two sets of questions:

1. Should ROTC be continued in any form at UMSL?

2. If ROTC exists in some form, what status should it have?

a. Should facilities be provided by UMSL?

b. Should academic credit be awarded to ROTC courses?

c. Should the ROTC staff have faculty status?

d. Should the commissioning ceremony be a part of graduation?

Opposition to ROTC at UMSL was organized on Feb. 18, in a hasty effort to encourage people to vote against ROTC in the poll. Some leaflets were handed out to faculty and students on Feb. 19. These leaflets were the first public announcement of the poll, and only a few people saw them. On Feb. 20, the poll was first announced to the mass of students in a front page article in the UMSL Current. Also, on that day ballots were sent to faculty members in all departments except the department of mathematics which was inadvertently overlooked. The faculty ballots were numbered and due back Tuesday, at 5 P.M. The omission of the math department in the faculty poll is worthy of note since ROTC opposition was organized by members of that department. Most of the faculty ballots were cast before the ROTC opposition was even aware of the faculty vote.

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Why They Call 'em Pigs

LIBERATION News Service

OAKLAND, Calif. – Bobby Hutton, one of the first Black Panthers, was 17 years old when he was shot down by police on the night of April 6, 1968 as he came out of an Oakland cellar with his hands up. With him at the time was Eldridge Cleaver, who was wounded and then jailed.

The following excerpt is taken from Eldridge's "Affidavit #2 on the Oakland Shootout," written shortly after and published in Post-Prison Writings and Speeches, Random House, 1969.

". . . I heard Little Bobby ask me, What are we going to do? I felt an impotent rage at myself because all I could tell him was to keep his head down, that head with its beautiful black face which I would watch a little later, again powerless, as the mad dogs outside blasted him into eternity . . .

"The rest of the story is madness, pain, and humiliation . . . They shot firebombs into the cellar, turning it into a raging inferno . . . We had to get out of there, to flee from certain death to face whatever awaited us outside. I called out to the pigs and told them we were coming out. They said to throw out the guns. Then Little Bobby helped me to my feet and we tumbled through the door. There were pigs in the windows above us in the house next door, with guns pointed at us. They told us not to move, to raise our hands. This we did, and an army of pigs ran up from the street. They started kicking and cursing us . . . and told us to stand up. Little Bobby helped me to my feet. The pigs pointed to a squad car parked in the middle of the street and told us to run to it. I told them I couldn't move. (Eldridge had been shot in the foot.) Then they snatched Little Bobby away from me and shoved him forward, telling him to run for the car. It was a sickening sight. Little Bobby, coughing and choking on the night air that was burning his lungs as my own were burning from tear gas, stumbled forward as best he could, and after he had travelled about 10 yards the pigs cut loose on him with their guns.

". . . Why am I alive? Why did Little Bobby die? It was not a miracle. It just happened that way. I know my duty. Having been spared my life, I don't want it. I give it back to our struggle."

April 19, 1968

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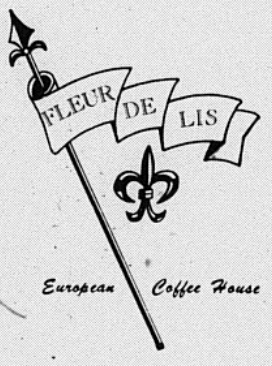

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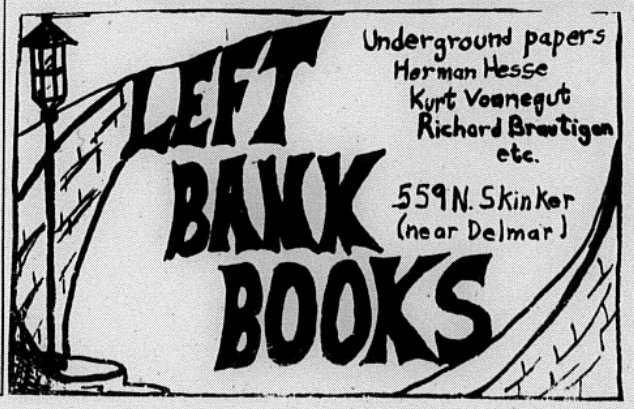

Handling Agents . . .

(continued from page ten)

revolutionary theory in great detail. To be legally damaging, statements must involve advocacy of actions. Often police agents will pump members of a radical group, hoping to shake loose such statements. Information gathering is the chief activity of some agents. Membership lists, files, fund raising contacts, and information on the whereabouts of radical militants are fundamental to the work of the police, and crude undercover agents often give themselves away by moving too quickly to get a group's mailing list or to learn the whereabouts of its contacts in other areas.

INCONSISTENCIES IN PERSONAL LIFE Undercover agents necessarily must keep their private lives quite separate from their movement activities. Many have wives or girlfriends who are not involved in the movement, and such agents are especially uncomfortable when they encounter political "friends" while off duty. If members of a political group seem to hide their private lives from other members, there is, of course, reason for suspicion. If, on the other hand, they do not "cover their tracks," other clues to their identities often appear. One Chicago agent's girlfriend mentioned repeatedly that he was employed by the Police Department; movement people refused to believe it. Agents have been discovered through straight-forward credit checks: such a credit check recently revealed that two "members" of a Chicago MDS (Movement for a Democratic Society) chapter worked for the Chicago Police Department. Use of money, too, may unmask a police agent. One who had affected the poverty he thought typical of the movement suddenly had enough money for a plane ticket from Austin, Texas, to Chicago; he had to be in Chicago in time to be present at a regular Monday meeting of the Police Intelligence Unit. While some agents turn in written reports, others must report to police headquarters on the same day every week. Other unexplained absences and/or frequent, often long-distance telephone calls may give the agent away.

BEHAVIOR TOWARD POLICE Agents usually behave peculiarly toward police. They have a strange way of not being disturbed by the presence of cops. However, in confrontations or when about to be arrested, they may encourage tension and promote conflict. Undercover agents often are separated from others after they have been arrested, and they sometimes enjoy other forms of special treatment.

Part-time informers are usually more difficult to spot. They may or may not be paid. They might report directly to the neighborhood police station or central headquarters, or they might be secondary informers whose information is passed on to the police through a third party. Often they are either disgruntled or former members of a group (seeking revenge or establishment grace) or people in the community who have had previous trouble with the law. The latter sometimes inform on an informal basis to avoid police harassment. The only unique clues to these types of informers are "special" relationships with likely secondary agents (deans, counselors, bartenders, etc.) or with the police.

WHAT TO DO Such behavior must be taken seriously. There is no cause for panic — all radical movements for political reform have been subjected to such surveillance — but there is a need for greater awareness and security. Possible clues to an agent's identity must be noted and investigated; if this is to happen, movement people must be sensitive to the ways in which agents are likely to give themselves away.

Once identified, an agent must be handled carefully: If he is unmasked he will only be replaced by another, and the process of investigation and identification will have to begin all over again. Once you know someone is an agent, it may be smarter to keep him around. Then you know, and can often control, the information to which he has access. And you can respond to his provocative acts with the certain knowledge that they are just that. Once in a great while it might even be possible to win him over and then turn him into a counter-agent. Needless to say, this is very risky and must be handled with extreme care.

Another possibility not too often considered is that of recruiting friendly policemen for counter intelligence work. They usually have access to central police department files, and they can obtain useful information about police strategy for particular actions and about agents in various local groups.

Even when they cannot learn the individual identities of agents in a particular group (all information relating to any intelligence work an individual might be involved in is often left out of police files), they can find out how many agents there are in a group.

The task of finding and dealing with agents is a serious one, and it demands our attention. At the same time we must refuse to be distracted from our primary responsibility, which is to continue engaging in those activities and promoting those ends which gave our foes supposed cause to spy on us in the first place.

Cry of Fear, Song of Hope

By Dave Frerker

The Band comes on with a happy, pleasant sound, a peaceful trip to soften that ugly scene. And why not? Like Robertson say's, "Get off today so that you can make it to tomorrow." But is that all they're saying?

Abbie Hoffman warns against getting so down that you can't ever get up again; doesn't the Band? Maybe their soft-spoken way of saying it conceals the message. But it's there. They sing about the slavery and suppression in the streets, about the corruption of the bigots that holds us all down; and then they sing about simplicity of the country life. For the Band puts more across; not only is their medium the message — a rhythm of love, serenity and life, but their words within their tunes cry of fear, discontent and death.

Have you seen that simple country life? Have you seen how those people live and die? Don't read about it in your history books, head out fifty miles west of St. Louis and see those people. Then tell me the Band is not talking about change.

Robertson, the lead guitarist of the Band, admitted his embarrassment when we asked him to elaborate on his political-cultural ideas. "Why don't you ask us about our music, we can speak from there; we don't know those words (the college radical dialogue), we would really like to do and say what you want us to, but we really don't know that. All we really know is how to play and make music, and we can speak from there."

"We're going to make our music subtle and easy, it makes it tastier and reaches more people.". But that's not all, it keeps them from being deported (four are aliens); and it keeps the music flowing to the people.

From there we asked Robbie about the future, especially that of his kids and ours; the possibilities brought on an overwhelming response. He rapped about our kids — they're going to be the ones; they're going to be able to know the words and the music; they're going to have in their possession the ability to convey great changes with both mediums at once. His hope for the future was incredible.

Well, the uptight manager called Robbie for the third time to the stage and the concert began. The concert was fantastic and very professional, perhaps too professional, for it lacked the enthusiasm which technically great groups inspire, i.e., the Stones. Undoubtedly, the Band is working with the people and do care for them. Listen to the Band, feel with them the varied emotions and thoughts they can deliver.

The Band

Another St. Louis Rip-Off

By Jim Hunt

Mayor A. J. Cervantes has once again put one over on the public. The one per cent city sales tax and the two Bond issues passed last month were billed as necessary means in order to combat crime in the streets.

To be more factual, these anti-crime measures were a smooth selling job in an effort to raise revenue for the city's near bankrupt general fund.

Without a tax increase the city of St. Louis would have been unable to pay city employees the approved raise in salary for the fiscal year 1971-72.

With the 120 million dollars the sales tax will generate, minus 1.8 million that will go towards hiring the 172 additional policemen, the city will just barely make ends meet.

The Mayor's anti-crime proposals for more police, better street lighting, and the expansion of a Juvenile Detention Center are not only a fraud but an insult to one's intelligence.

The value of saturating the streets with police and better lighting is in some doubt. Mayor Cervantes was told by two University of Missouri at St. Louis professors, Dreyer and Jones of the Public Opinion Survey Unit, that the only way he could get the public to approve a tax increase was to present it as a "fight crime" measure.

Cervantes lost no time in grabbing the bull by the horn; he launched a fear campaign. He appointed a Commission on Crime and Law Enforcement. Ex-police Chief Brostron was named director of the Commission at an annual salary of twenty thousand a year, more than double the usual salary for this kind of job.

The Mayor then got the backing of both local newspapers. Conveniently, neither paper mentioned that the Board of Police Commissioners had already recommended an additional 172 men and that by law the Board's recommendations are binding on local officials. In other words, whether or not the sales tax was passed, the city would have hired the extra policemen.

The Post-Dispatch and Globe-Democrat also neglected to mention that Missouri is slated to receive something like $4,607,000 in federal anti-crime funds. Without the sales tax, this money alone would probably have been adequate funding for Cervantes to buy the police such useless hardware as helicopters.

The very method of raising funds by sales tax is questionable. Where a property tax affects mainly the better-to-do, a sales tax hurts the poor the most by increasing the proportion of their income given over to taxes.

The black community is not surprised at the Mayor's insistence on a sales tax. Nor is it surprised at Cervantes' efforts to pass the tax by manipulating the white community's fear and racism. The black community "found the Mayor out" when he sold the Consolidated Service Cabs to Bi-State Transit.

Also, it was A. J. Cervantes who was the agent for Riverside Insurance, the firm that received liability insurance on the housing authority properties. (Cervantes was then a candidate for Mayor, see the Post-Dispatch, Nov. 21, 1953.) And the black community remembers that it was Cervantes who was planning to call out the National Guard to evict people because they would not accept the increase in public housing rent. (Some people were already paying 90 per cent of their income for rent in Pruitt-Igoe.)

St. Louis is a divided city. Now, 172 additional policemen, better street lighting and expanded juveaile detention centers will neither eradicate racism, nor, as many whites hope, permanently entrap the black in his ghetto.

One cannot substitute force for understanding; fear for logic; suppression for justice. Nevertheless, by approving the Bond issues and sales tax, the voters are trying to do just that.

To Susan on the West Coast Still Waiting — For What?

(continued from page five)

culture and to consider alternatives to the commercial, white supremacist, and exploitative society they were born into.

A new music came into vogue among young people — and what music it was. From blacks like Sam Cooke, Chuck Jackson, the Drifters, the Coasters, and Lavern Baker came something called rhythm and blues. You could hear it all the time from those stations down on the end of the dial where the disc jockeys talked a mile a minute and played records that you couldn't stop singing to yourself. People who your parents called hillbillies produced something called Rockabilly and you never felt better than when you listened to Bill Haley and the Comets, Carl Perkins, or Elvis Presley. They sang about real things; about school — Chuck Berry's "School Days," the Everly Brothers' "Problems," the Coasters' "Charlie Brown;" about heartbreak — Chuck Jackson's "I Wake Up Crying," the Drifters' "I Count The Tears," Elvis's "Heartbreak Hotel;" about clothes — Carl Perkins' "Blue Suede Shoes," Marty Robbins' "A White Sportcoat;" and even about witchcraft and love — Screamin' Jay Hawkins' "I Put A Spell On You." It was more than music; it was a way of life. It was something special that talked to you, that seemed to grow out of your own experience and that's what was different about it.

Unlike the Tin Pan Alley studio music of the 40's, rock and roll came from the people. Everybody in the fifties thought of himself as a participant in the music. Fourteen year-olds like Frankie Lyman and the Teenagers had big hit records, and every lunchroom, locker room, and playground had a group of guys who harmonized to something by Little Anthony and the Imperials, or Jordan and the Fascinations.

It was a whole different approach to music. America discovered what was really there — discovered what the Jefferson Airplane 15 years later was to call "obscene lawless hideous dangerous dirty violent and young." The result was a new life style and new heroes — the motorcycle gangs and the surfers who pursued a Taoist philosophy of individualism and of avoiding authority. The 50's weren't known as a time of rebellion; nobody took over school buildings or circulated petitions or rioted in the streets. The catchword in the 50's was juvenile delinquency (listen sometime to Frankie Lyman and the Teenagers' record of "I'm Not a Juvenile Delinquent" or Chuck Berry's "Almost Grown"). "Juvenile Delinquent," what a meaningless phrase! Delinquent in being juvenile? All it meant was seeing what was really there, and living your own life.

However, in a system that refuses to tolerate alternatives, such an attitude could not survive. The music that came from us, from kids like the Chantels, the Crows, the Dubs, and the Shangri-las, got swallowed up by the Tin Pan Alley and Hollywood Star capitalists who gave us Annette and Connie Francis, while Chuck Berry was sent to jail on a frame-up charge and Jerry Lee Lewis was banned from radio because he married his 13-year-old cousin. By the end of the 50's, rock and roll and the culture which sustained it was in trouble. If you told somebody you dug rock and roll you had to be a little apologetic and smile when they'd say things like "Yes, but aren't you interested in serious music?" Hell, I never heard any music more serious than Chuck Jackson or Hank Williams — but then there didn't seem to be anywhere to go.

So for a while that culture faded and was nearly co-opted to death when the Twist came in and the music lost the meaning it had for us. Despite some fine records (by Irma Thomas, Betty Harris, the Impressions), the whole scene became submerged until the Beatles and then, pow! — it broke out everywhere. But the rock scene in the 60's was a different scene than the 50's. The initial naive collision with black culture paled in comparison with the cultural understandings of the 60's.

The 60's were civil rights, assassinations, the war, and drugs. The political lessons of the 60's told us what we had begun to suspect in the 50's, that the side of America we had begun to see then was the truth. We had become what our parents had warned us about: we were no longer juvenile delinquents, we were another culture. We had a political and cultural identity which was in conflict with the materialist and racist views of our society. Our experience in the 50's showed us what colonies could do when they got it together. So we became political; we became cultural guerrillas, proudly wearing our hair long and playing our music loud.

But as is so often the case, events move faster than people. The kind of culture we had at long last developed answered the needs of the 50's, but failed to incorporate an understanding of the political lessons of the 60's. What we have learned is that we are different, we are as the Airplane says, "All outlaws in the eyes of America" — all the young, all the black, all the poor. But what we have failed to see is that the kind of passive, personalized rebellion exemplified by our culture will not protect us in the 70's or lead to any effective way of dealing with our problems. While we have been progressing this far, the world has been changing too, and increasingly the question of what kind of future we shall have becomes subservient to the question of whether we will have any future at all. As the government employs its no-knock laws, political trials, potlitical busts (all pot busts are political), genocide of blacks, and imperialism in the third world, our lives become increasingly dependent upon stopping those actions. The culture which deals honestly with social realities becomes self-contradictory when it serves to divide people and prevent them from taking action against the causes of their alienation and oppression.

In Berkeley, as everywhere else in America, young people are neither liberated nor are they in struggle — they are simply sitting on a dock of the bay, wastin' time. They understand culturally and socially that they want no part of the dying American power structure, but it remains for a political movement to translate that understanding into the kinds of solutions which will set us free. We have demonstrated that our culture is strong enough to overcome and transform our political reality, but if we fail to move beyond that point, we will become absorbed into the very things we are trying to break away from.

In St. Louis, in Berkeley, in every place where young people gather, the need to move beyond our own small worlds is manifest. It's a good feeling to walk down the street and have people smile at you and to hear familiar songs, but that feeling fades when you realize that only a few blocks away, working people are living very different lives and that their future is inextricably bound up with yours.

To merely be a passive consumer of the latest promotion campaign by the record companies (remember the Monkees?) is to deny the spontaneity and depth of our culture. Rock music came from us, from young people whose view of the world necessitated a rejection of a stale and passive society. Its vibrance overcame incredible resistance. Rock and roll, and to a lesser degree, all the trappings of youth culture, have been adopted by greedy people who see our life styles as one more opportunity to sell products. For them, life style is determined by what things you buy, so they are trying to repackage our own music and sell it back to us in an attempt to absorb us back into their life-denying existences.

So far, our society will let a Berkeley — and to a certain extent a counter culture — exist, but that existence is no solution to the problems which necessitated it in the first place. The kids who flock to Berkeley and New York as if they were seeking political asylum soon learn that things aren't going to be different until every place changes. There's no qualitative difference between living in Berkeley and talking to people who are just like you, and living in St. Louis, Des Moines, or Minneapolis and doing the same thing. There is a difference, however, in trying to make it where you are, trying to put into practice the things that our culture has taught us. Perhaps in the 50's, our alienation could have been conquered by small groups of people concerned with changing their consciousness. But in the 60's we learned that our alienation was not a product of our own consciousness, but of the recognition that we were living in a society which attempts to kill all our best instincts and motives, and that the only way to lead a decent loving life is to make sure that we don't have to leave home to walk down a street where people smile at us.

ROTC in Trouble . . .

(continued from page eleven)

Between Feb. 20, and Feb. 23, no provisions were made to organize the polling of students, and a decision was made to postpone the election for a week. The week of Feb. 23 witnessed one poorly attended anti-ROTC rally and the distribution of leaflets for and against ROTC. On March 2, the first day of balloting, there was some anti-ROTC guerrilla theater, a short rally to urge people to vote against ROTC and further leafleting pro and con. In the evening, the pro-ROTC forces came out with heavy leafleting of the night school, a tactic which produced a substantial number of "yes" votes on all questions.

The results of the poll were to support the continuance of ROTC as long as it existed at WU, but the faculty and students were divided on the important issues of providing facilities and granting academic credit. The students were slightly in favor of providing facilities and the faculty was slightly opposed. The students by a narrow margin favored granting credit while the faculty was strongly opposed.

The committee drew up a series of recommendations based upon its research and the outcome of the two polls and presented them to the Faculty Senate at a meeting in mid-March. It recommended that ROTC be continued in conjunction with WU. It further recommended, and these were the crucial recommendations, that ROTC be given facilities at UMSL if the federal government wanted them, that the federal government should absorb as much of the cost as it could and that up to twelve hours of academic credit be granted for ROTC courses. The Faculty Senate rejected the recommendations and instead passed a resolution which stated that UMSL should not provide facilities or funds for ROTC and then defeated a motion to grant academic credit for military science courses.

The significance of the events at WU and UMSL is that ROTC cannot be housed comfortably on either campus. Furthermore, the war which is the underlying force behind the opposition continues, and so the opposition grows on both campuses. A year ago a third of the undergraduates at WU voted to get rid of ROTC, while this year they voted 57 per cent to get rid of it. In this time of growing antagonism to the military, the imposition of ROTC by either the Board of Curators at UMSL or the Board of Trustees at WU will breed widespread resentment among the students and faculty.

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(No) Soul on Ice

By George Lipsitz

When the National Hockey League picked St. Louis as one of the six cities to receive expansion teams in 1966, most observers felt that the League had made a big mistake. While not exactly overflowing with cultural attractions, competition for the entertainment dollar in St. Louis was very keen, and the city's professional basketball and football teams were both talking of moving to other cities. Few people believed that ice hockey could succeed in a mid-western city where basketball and football met with only indifferent success. But in the last three years, St. Louis has become a hockey town and the Blues are one of the most profitable franchises in the league.

It is hard to exist in St. Louis and not be aware of the Blues. Falstaff erected billboards all over town touting the fact that they sponsor the hockey broadcasts on TV and radio, and the papers are filled with advertisements from various automobile dealers who offer autograph sessions with Blues players as enticements to get people into their showrooms. Restaurants advertise special busses to the Arena on the nights games are played, and most importantly, every home game the stands are packed with exuberant, cheering fans. However, while the Blues may have many fans from all segments of society, they exist because of and for the wealthy suburban businessman and his family. Every facet of their operation is geared for the pleasure of the white, suburban, middle-aged; perhaps not too coincidentally it ignores the young and not so wealthy.

The Blues are owned by Sid Solomon Jr., a wealthy St. Louis County insurance executive who has been a major power in the Democratic Party in Missouri and who is typical of the business elite which exerts so much power in the City and the County. On the Board of Directors of the Blues are an assortment of lawyers, businessmen, and bankers – most of whom live in the County and yet turn up for such civic functions in the City as leading the drive to pass the Arch bonds a few years ago. The Arch project mortgaged the tax money of blacks and working class whites in St. Louis to pay off the bank loans which built the Arch, so that wealthy businessmen from the County would have some place to take their visiting clients. The Blues, like the Arch, are just such an attraction for the businessmen.

Most of the seats in the Arena are held by season ticket holders – business firms and wealthy individuals who can afford to buy tickets for every game and who maintain their seats as places to bring clients and impress friends. The crowds at the Arena are overwhelmingly white; there are no black hockey players in the NHL (there are three in the minor leagues). Thus few black sports fans identify with hockey, a phenomenon not unrelated to the failure of professional basketball in some cities (including St. Louis) because the white fans didn't identify with black athletes. The whiteness of the players, the expense of season tickets, the starting times of the games, and the lack of public transportation to the Arena all work to insure that the crowds at the Blues games look like the surplus from an Agnew family wedding.

However, the men who play hockey are quite different from the people who own the team and come to the games. They are generally working class men from small towns to whom playing hockey is the way out of the gold mines of South Porcupine, Ontario, or the alternative to working in the fields in Humboldt, Saskatchewan. As Bobby Clarke of the Philadelphia Flyers says in explaining why he plays pro hockey even though he has diabetes, "If I had to go back to school and learn some trade I'd be miserable." Although they are reasonably well paid, hockey players endure a lot for their pay. "I really hate the traveling," complained Bill Hicke of the Oakland Seals after a particularly long road trip during which the Seals played in Chicago, Minnesota, Montreal, New York, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, and Detroit before coming home.

Of course, the key factor in hockey both for the spectators and the players is the violence. Hockey is the roughest and most dangerous sport in the world; it incorporates fighting and deliberate injury to opponents as part of its strategy. All hockey players learn to live with stitches and injuries. Chicago's Stan Mikita, one of the least violent players in the league, estimates that he's had easily over 100 stitches in his face since he's been playing hockey. A few years ago, when Bob and Barclay Plager were playing for the Blues and their younger brother Bill was playing for Minnesota, Barclay was quoted after a game as saying, "We may not have a younger brother much longer. He's been getting away with a little too much and it's time somebody stepped on him; and I know two guys who are about ready to do it."

In an exhibition game in Ottawa this year, Wayne Maki of the Blues got into a stick-swinging fight with "Terrible Teddy" Green of the Boston Bruins. Green was partially paralyzed and nearly killed. Known as one of the game's roughest players himself, Green has made it clear that he holds no malice toward Maki and that fighting is part of the game. He emphasized that hockey players get paid to be rough and that they should do their job, but that the public should realize they are not mad men or animals. That may be hard to accept for some one who has seen an NHL game, but it is undeniably true. Despite his reputation as a mean, hard-fighting player, Ted Green has always expressed his anguish that sportswriters referred to him as an animal or a brute and that his family would have to read such things. As Carol Vadnais of the Oakland Seals puts it, "I'm a nice guy, I don't go looking for trouble, but if somebody starts pushing me, I don't back away."

The real tragedy of hockey is that a beautiful and exciting game has become distorted to the point that some men are required to depend on hurting others for their livelihood, all for the enjoyment of a bunch of suburban businessmen. Ted Green says he's learned since his fight with Maki that hockey is not the most important thing in the world, that his family comes first and that no job is worth killing another man.

For other players, the realization is less dramatic, but no less true. They are trapped between the good of hockey – the beautiful art of playing it well and its ability to earn money for them – and its other side: the grim gladiator aspect of professional sports where, as in most businesses, the men with the talent are forced into subhuman roles for the benefit of the boss. Most people can understand the exploitation of a musician whose art is prostituted in order to make money for his manager; sports is no less an art and the exploitation is just as vicious. "A professional athlete" says Bill Russell, the great basketball player, "is like a beautiful girl. Nobody cares what she thinks, or if she thinks."

In every hockey player is the kid from Flin Flon, Manitoba, or Cap de la Madeleine, Quebec, who feels the thrill of playing a magnificent game and mastering the art of passing, shooting, or checking. But that kid becomes overshadowed by the professional hockey player who is run ragged by increasingly long schedules, hurt for the delight of the crowd, and manipulated by the businessmen who profit from his talent.

Most players in the NHL have reached their childhood ambitions by playing pro hockey, but the reality of their situation is much harsher than their dream. Glenn Hall of the Blues, perhaps the greatest goalie who ever lived, throws up before every game and threatens to retire at the end of every year, saying that he's fed up with hockey. Brian Connacher of the Toronto Maple Leafs, whose father was a star player thirty years ago, stunned the hockey world a few years back by retiring at the age of 26 saying, "I don't enjoy playing hockey anymore." Gump Worsley, the fireplug with feet who currently plays for the Minnesota North Stars, refuses to fly on planes because they make him too nervous and has been plagued by a long history of strange tension-related stomach ulcers. All-star defenseman Carl Brewer retired at the age of 27 and played for the Canadian National team and the National team of Finland before returning to the NHL with Detroit this year.

To Americans, accustomed to professional sports, those complaints can be dismissed as the quirks of a few oddballs and the price to be paid for superior performance – the implication being that players are unhappy because the quality of play is too much for them. However, most hockey officials predict that international hockey is not far off and the best teams of the NHL will meet the amateur champions of Sweden, Russia, and Canada. The importance of that is that many people feel that the amateurs, with their emphasis on skating and passing, are superior to the pros in the NHL. The coach of the Russian National Team even went so far as to criticize hockey's greatest goal scorer of all time, 42 year-old Gordie Howe, saying, "Gordie Howe couldn't play on my fourth line. Maybe he could have ten years ago, but not now."

Regardless of the outcome of such play, the high calibre of amateur hockey shows that professionalism doesn't guarantee excellent performance, and in fact may hinder it. Coach Charlie Burns of the Minnesota North Stars recently explained his team's losing streak by saying, "The players on my team just don't want to play hockey." Of course, the truth of the matter is entirely the opposite. Burns's players do want to play hockey, but playing hockey, like being an artist, a welder, a plumber, or anything else, becomes a drag when the pride you have in what you're doing becomes obscured by what someone else's greed makes you do to survive. The spirit of competitive hockey is a beautiful thing; the spectacle of an athlete playing well is a thrilling and joyful experience. To take that spirit and distort it is a terrible thing, but to force athletes into painful and nerve-racking experiences away from their families for the diversion of the rich – is a disgrace.

HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS

We know you're sick of those censored puff sheets that they call 'school papers.' We think you'll dig the new kind of journalism that the Outlaw offers. But we need your help. If the young people of the St. Louis area are going to get together, then we must have our *own* means of communication. We're starting it, now let's use it. Start writing. It's that simple. We want you to send us articles, essays, announcements, letters, drawings, etc. Let your brothers and sisters know what's happening. Send your work (typed!) to

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The Outlaw in Amerika

We are all outlaws in the eyes of Amerika — said a banner in Chicago after the trial of the Conspirators. It seemed true. And it meant that We and Amerika are not the same thing. That men and their government are no longer on the same side of the law. We are the people. "Amerika" is only the name of the state and its law and order.

We are all outlaws in the eyes of Amerika. The truth of that was brought home by Julius Hoffman and his courtroom, by the police state laws and tactics he was trying to justify, and by the political mockery those laws and tactics were meant to uphold. But Chicago, its police, its federal judge, and its politics are not exceptional. They are the rule in that ruling structure that calls itself "Amerika" and makes outlaws of honest men.

We have always liked our bad guys — our James Boys, our John Wesley Harding, our Bonnie and Clyde. We have remembered and cherished our robbers and gangsters — those highwaymen who demand "Your money or your life," and care nothing for the difference. But the rulers of Amerika have not really tried to discourage our covert liking for such men, because they are no serious threat to business as usual. Our popular robbers and killers have only imitated the official robbers and killers. The robbers who are called bankers and businessmen have taken from the people, and so those who take in return are called heroes. The state through its hired killers has shot and lynched and murdered, and so we honor those who kill in return. But in these games of big bad guys and little bad guys there is no doubt who will come out the winner. All thieves honor money, all killers honor guns, and so thieves and killers change nothing.

Our popular bad men have not been good enough. They have only given support to an empty rhetoric of disaffection. Black Bart's verses, ballads of the James Boys, Robin Hood tales that mythologize and comfort the poor and the outcast. And so all the rage and rhetoric of our bad guy heroes has only made it easier to suffer the doings of Amerikan business and government, the corporate hoodlums, the technological gangsters. These rulers of money and men's lives also care more for money than for the lives they rule, they also disguise their acts with talk about honor, enterprise and independence. This Amerika sings of the Alamo, sings of the Green Berets, and says to its own people and to the world, "Your money or your life." And it may be our money and our lives as well.

But Amerika has had little tolerance for our true outlaws. An outlaw does more than break the law to get what he wants. He places himself and us apart from oppressive institutions, and so he is called a bandit — *bandito*, one who is banished. He places himself and us outside of intolerable laws. Such men are rare, and the power and office of Amerika has despised, imprisoned, or killed them.

Amerika was once an outlaw, but then called Thomas Paine an outlaw for saying so. John Brown was an outlaw, because he acted against the slavery of men's bodies and minds. Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce was an outlaw when he acted on the belief that free people are not to be subjects of the laws of exploitation and expediency. Gregorio Cortez was called an outlaw because he would not act like a dumb mex for the law and its Texas sheriff and its hunters of men. W.E.B. DuBois was called an outlaw when he demanded that Amerikan law work for black people as well as white.

For the Amerika that cares only for power and money, an outlaw may be simply a man who calls things by their right names, a man who insists that what is done means as much as what is said, a man who does what in conscience he finds humane and just. An outlaw is dangerous, because he releases power that had been wrongfully seized. But he is dangerous chiefly to those who have the power to endanger us all. Amerika is obsessed with property and things, outlaws create faith in men. Amerika acts only to protect its institutions, outlaws free the people within. Amerika responds to its fears with violence and death, outlaws act from a violent faith in peace and justice and life.

Only our outlaws can redeem us from the power of law into a life of spirit and grace. The Chicago Conspirators and their outlaw lawyers. The Panthers, those who have died and those who keep moving. The Diggers, the Yippies, the tribal people. The builders of new life and new forms. Cesar Chavez, Ken Kesey, Lennie Bruce, the Indians on Alcatraz, the eco freaks. The Cattonsville 9, the Milwaukee 14, the DC 9, and all the fours and fives and twos and ones. These are the outlaws. And all the quiet people at the end of their strings, the whimsical old men, the crazy kids, the smashers of tv sets in the night, the refusers of taxes or pills or social workers or schools, the artists of junk, the underground priests, the makers of all good nonsense and stuff, you and me and all such freaks and saints and tragic and comic heroes — we may all be outlaws, and Amerika may again be ours.

Jerry Martien